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COUNTRY LIFE

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SITUATIONS

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WANTED

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LADY seeks employment gardening, assist with poultry and pigs; able to ride and drive car; fond of country; references.—**ROBSON, 26**, The Close, Norwich.

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COUNTRY LIFE

Vol. CIII No. 2667

FEBRUARY 27, 1948



Harlip

MISS PATRICIA MARY BRAITHWAITE

Miss Patricia Mary Braithwaite, the daughter of the late Mr. J. Wellesley Gaskell and Mrs. David Braithwaite, of 15, Kidderpore Gardens, Hampstead, is engaged to be married to Mr. Humphrey Richard Adeane Lyttelton, the son of the Honourable George and Mrs. Lyttelton, of Finndale House, Grundisburgh, Suffolk

COUNTRY LIFE

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FARM BUILDINGS

MAKING use of scrap steel from Anderson and Morrison shelters, the Ministry of Agriculture is sponsoring a scheme to provide standard components for farm buildings. From May onwards, landowners and farmers who obtain the necessary licences are promised almost immediate delivery of steel roof trusses and re-inforced concrete purlins, posts and gable beams. Announcing the scheme, the Minister of Agriculture promised that the 15 area stockists would be able to supply these standard components at seven days' notice. This sounds almost too good to be true, but, as the scheme has the blessing of makers and distributors as well as of the Ministry of Works, whose delaying actions are notorious, we may hope afresh that the promised priorities will really operate.

The prime requirement is that the county agricultural executive committee should approve the project as one likely to promote food production, and then all doors should be open. No one can, of course, guarantee that building labour and materials outside the standard components will be readily available, but it is known that there are building workers little more than half employed in some rural areas to-day. So, with common sense all round, this scheme has great possibilities. How much the new buildings cost remains to be seen. Existing farm buildings, if not altogether convenient, will certainly look cheap by comparison.

Credit for pushing this idea of standardisation in the construction of farm buildings belongs to Professor Sir Frank Engledow, the Professor of Agriculture at Cambridge. Since the years before the war, he has repeatedly pointed out that on many farms the buildings were both dilapidated and unsuited to modern needs. Many are from 50 to 100 years old, and, having been built each for some special purpose, are ill-suited to any other. It is still common to find a fine range of stables on a farm where only two or three horses are used, or still more common to-day to find a big specialised pig-house where pigs are no longer kept. Most notable is the corn barn, a grand, stately old structure formerly used for the storage of corn in the sheaf and for hand threshing on the floor. Nowadays this monument to the past is generally used as an inconvenient general store. In the adaptation of such buildings there is scope for ingenuity, which should in time be provided by the section of the new National Agricultural Advisory Service which is specially concerned with farm buildings. The provision of standard components for roofs and posts of new buildings does not touch this problem.

The new scheme will provide two types of building of roughly 18 ft. and 33 ft. over-all width and for each three heights, namely 8 ft.,

12 ft. and 16 ft. to the eaves. These combinations of standard materials can be assembled in many ways. A farmer can get a single long line of buildings, 8 ft. high at the eaves and 18 ft. wide or a roofed-in space about 100 ft. wide and 100 ft. long, or he can make himself an L-shaped or a U-shaped building with a covered yard in the middle. Moreover, as the Minister of Agriculture has been careful to point out, forestalling possible criticisms from those who love the country scene as it is, there will be no dead uniformity. The appearance of the new buildings will vary according to the type of walling, the size and placing of windows and doors, and the colouring of the roof and walls. To those who have for long put up with inconvenient farm buildings, all this is an exciting prospect.

TIME, OLD DECEIVER

*TIME, old deceiver, limping by,
Displays malicious cunning,
For when to Chloe's bower I fly,
Feigning an unobservant eye
He straightway starts a-running.
Time, old deceiver, limping by,
Would I could be his master.
On workdays how the lash I'd ply—
I'll warrant he'd travel faster.
On holidays his ankles tie:
And Puck through Chloe's smiles would pry
To savour Time's disaster.*

C. RAYMOND.

FOR THE NATIONAL TRUST

UPTON HOUSE, on the crest of Edge Hill, which Lord Bearsted has given to the National Trust, is a pleasant William and Mary building in the golden local stone. The importance of the gift is that it comprises the donor's collection of pictures, containing important Italian works, but most notable for its unrivalled assembly of the Georgian *genre* painters. Stubbs's *Haymakers, Reapers, Partridge Shooting* and *The Princess Royal in Kensington Gardens*; Ben Marshall's *Duckinfield Asley and Suffolk Punch* are without peer. Reinagle, Wheatley, and Herring are also well represented, and the collection contains remarkable works by artists such as Gooch and Collet who are encountered rarely. There are some notable English paintings, including a pair of large Westall *genre* scenes, at Attingham, near Shrewsbury, bequeathed to the Trust by Lord Berwick. This is a stately classical house built in 1780 from designs by George Steuart, with fine rooms containing good Empire furniture. At Upton the terrace garden will, no doubt, be one of those for which, as Lord Aberconway has announced, the Royal Horticultural Society is co-operating with the National Trust to maintain. This arrangement has been tried successfully at Montacute, and its extension is to be warmly welcomed.

OXFORD REPLANNED

TRANSFER elsewhere of the Nuffield works, and a main road across Christ Church Meadow, are the outstanding recommendations made by Mr. Thomas Sharp in the Oxford City Council's reconstruction report—*Oxford Re-planned* (Architectural Press, 15s.). Revolutionary as they are, both have been made before, the first by Sir Miles Thomas himself. "Merton Mall," which Mr. Sharp places alongside the Broad Walk near the old city wall, rather than beside the river, is advanced with due regret as the only possible way of restoring peace and, indeed, structural stability to the High Street. Oxford's problem, which is no less a national one, is this issue between civilisation and traffic, and it hangs on this strip of hayfield. Beginning east of Magdalen Bridge, the new road will have a roundabout at its junction with St. Aldates. Thence, two new streets would continue, one curving west and north to the railway stations (replanned as one with a great bus terminus on the site of the L.M.S. station). The other would link up with St. Giles's to by-pass the Cornmarket, and cross the old east-west artery by a new and larger Carfax (with the conduit brought back to it from Nuneham). Bold as it is, the scheme would destroy no historic and little but slum

property, and as devised would greatly benefit both city and university. But Mr. Sharp is equally sound on preserving the foil between the collegiate and modest domestic buildings in the historical city. "Monumental planning will be wholly out of character; and the development of a single monumental civic centre should be avoided." Among many admirable long term recommendations, Mr. Sharp is less comprehensibly against Magdalen College using any part of the Botanical Gardens for expansion. The book, for such it is, is as lucidly written as it is worthily produced and illustrated.

WILD-FOWL SURVEY

FOR some years now the progressive decline in the number of wild-fowl in the world has given serious concern. To-day, when, owing to the shortage of food, the temptation to exploit geese and duck commercially is greater than ever before, the problem is urgent. But any measures introduced to safeguard the world's wild-fowl must take into account the present status of the various species and future changes in it. In order to keep the number of wild-fowl in the British Isles under review a periodical census of those that breed and those that winter here has been arranged on behalf of the International Wild-fowl Inquiry. The second of these counts, which are to be made on coastal waters and on lakes, reservoirs and other places that wild-fowl frequent, is due to take place on March 6, and there will be others on April 24, July 10, and October 2 and 30. The success of this enquiry is likely to depend largely on the number of observers available, and anyone able to help is urged to get into touch with the Secretary, International Wild-fowl Inquiry, The British Museum (Natural History), Cromwell Road, London, S.W.7.

PROFESSIONAL GOLF IN AMERICA

VON NIDA, the Australian golfer, and Ransom, an American professional, have come to blows at the end of their round in a tournament because Von Nida declared that Ransom should have been penalised a stroke, and therefore refused to sign his card. Exactly what happened afterwards it is a little hard to discover. Ransom appears first to have been suspended as the aggressor, but subsequently we are told that the decision of the American P.G.A. Rules Committee that he should be disqualified was overruled by the P.G.A. Tournament Committee. Thereupon Lawson Little, who was the chairman of the P.G.A. Rules Committee, resigned his office. The affair was obviously a regrettable one, whatever the precise facts, but the mischief goes deeper than this one incident. It is clear that American professional golf, and the entire stress is on the word "professional," is not in a good way. Committees who run tournaments care for nothing save that low scores should be done, and so be recorded in the national newspapers. This they think by some, to us, curious process of reasoning will "boost" their courses and so their holiday resorts. Nothing matters as long as these fantastic and almost farcical scores are achieved, and the playing of the game according to rules is a minor consideration. The American professionals are such fine golfers, as we know by experience, that it is a pity they should be encouraged to play the game in this spirit. As we go to press, we learn that their Association has decided that all future tournaments are to be played under U.S. Golf Association rules. This is a wise decision, and, we hope, a first step towards the re-adoption of one set of rules by golfers everywhere.

SIR LAWRENCE CHUBB

COUNTRY lovers owe a vast debt to the late Sir Lawrence Chubb, first secretary of the National Trust and for 50 years the guiding spirit of the Commons, Open Spaces and Footpaths Preservation Society. The range of his activities in preserving both rural and urban amenities was astonishing. Smoke abatement, disfiguring advertisements, the provision of playing fields, rambling, and the guardianship of public rights were all causes fashioned by his purposeful yet tactful personality, and many open spaces, preserved for all time, will remain as monuments to his foresight and public spirit.

A COUNTRYMAN'S NOTES

By
Major C. S. JARVIS

ALTHOUGH I have never pretended to be a prophet, I forecast that the existing shortage of potatoes will cease abruptly in September, and that there may even be something in the nature of a glut. Remembering the many disastrous forecasts made by responsible politicians who have access to figures, statistics and returns, I realise the risk I run in joining the ranks of the food and fuel prophets, but if I am proved to be utterly wrong I shall be in the most distinguished company. My reason for thinking that all will be well is the general activity I see everywhere on Sundays, and during that short period of gloaming after 5 p.m. which every day becomes a trifle longer, on the neglected allotments and the bits of waste ground at the end of country gardens which have been allowed to go back to weeds since we settled down to what we thought would be a period of peace and plenty instead of peace and penury. If there is a general idea at the back of the mind of the country and suburban dweller to-day it is that in the future his unfortunate wife shall not stand in a long and peevish queue for three miserable pounds of potatoes every week and often return with none.

The truth of the matter is that a very considerable proportion of the population of this country can grow sufficient potatoes for their own needs, if they will take a little trouble over the matter and do a little work, but a goodly number of them will not do so if they can help it. There are many people with ample garden room and available labour who will not worry about the potato because it is an uninteresting growth and is usually easily obtainable. There are others who can acquire land if their garden or allotment is too small, since there are nearly always waste plots that can be rented, and many farmers are willing to let a small area of ready-ploughed land for potato cultivation.

ADVERSE weather was not the sole reason for the sudden and disastrous shortage last autumn. The subsidy on farm-grown potatoes, which enables the consumer to buy them so cheaply that he does not consider it worth his while to go to the trouble of producing them himself, was partly responsible. There is something manifestly unhealthy and unnatural about the whole subsidy system, which has become so general these days and adds so enormously to the National Debt. In some cases there would seem to be no justification at all for the low price at which food is sold, seeing that nearly all wages have been doubled, and as a case in point one might quote eggs at 1s. 9d. a dozen, which was the rate pertaining all last year until the price was raised to 3s. at the end of January. Those who can remember as far back as 1939 (and from various pronouncements made by our Ministers I imagine that they think no one has any memory for the past) one could not in the days before the war buy reliable eggs at 1s. 9d. a dozen in the autumn and winter months. The rate was always 2s., or more probably 2s. 6d. a dozen, and yet despite this, and in the interests of selling food-stuffs at a dead loss, one had the ridiculous situation of one man selling his eggs to a packing station at 4s. 0½d. a dozen, and his next-door neighbour buying them back from a shop the following day at 1s. 9d.

IT is amazing that Mrs. Ramsbottom, of the Universities' Federation for Animal Welfare, should endeavour, in a letter printed on page 436, to spread the teaching that killing vermin by means of poison is more humane than killing them by means of gin-traps. There are poisons that will kill in a matter of minutes, but they are definitely not available for use against rats. All the poisons used against vermin are slow in action and, to quote from the U.F.A.W. leaflet,



Lorna Kimber

"... THE RIBBED SEA-SAND"

"the least inhumane is zinc phosphide—death usually follows in an hour or two." This I know from experience is an entirely optimistic estimate, since, unless a rat consumes a large quantity of poisoned bait, which is unusual, death follows in anything from 6 to 12 hours, and death by any form of phosphorus poisoning is particularly ghastly and painful. Since the rat normally dies in its hole, none of its agonised writhings and contortions is obvious to the eye, and so the mistaken belief that poisoning is a humane method spreads.

In the past I have used poisons and have been invariably horrified by the results. Recently I saw three rats dying of zinc phosphide in a shed and was informed by the woman who had put the poison there overnight that they had been writhing and falling about the floor for three hours and she did not know how to kill them. Some years ago I used a most effective virus, and for the next 10 days was constantly finding dying rats crawling about the place in a horribly emaciated condition.

With regard to the careful shutting of shed doors, is it not always on such occasions that the unexpected person comes along and leaves the shed door open? To see the household dog or cat dying from the poison that one has set in what one thought was a safe place is an experience one never forgets. Many years ago I set some poisoned baits in a walled garden, and to make quite certain that all was well fixed a large notice on the door: "Poison in Garden—

Keep Door Closed." The first person to come that way was the gardener's small boy, who could not read, and the results were so disastrous that I have had an obsession about the use of poison ever since.

AS to cage traps, I have had one for ten years, and the only thing I ever caught in it was the store-shed robin, who was very angry indeed about it. If I were to use poison in my shed, as is suggested by my mentor, I should have to think of some method of excluding this robin, and this will not be easy, since the small fellow waits for me on a near-by branch every morning and immediately I open the door enters with me. And, knowing his appetite and keen eye for food, I feel sure he would be eating the poisoned bait before I could stop him. Break-back traps require baiting and are therefore useless with the more intelligent rats. Moreover, they quite frequently catch a rat by the foot or tail and are therefore in the same category as the gin. I maintain that a fairly large gin-trap will on many occasions catch a rat by the head or body and kill him on the spot, and that, if it is fitted with the new adjustable slide on the spring, which prevents the jaws from closing tight and thus holds without breaking the bone, it is as humane as anything that is available. At the same time, I am fully aware that where systematic destruction of rats in grain stores and warehouses is essential, the use of poison is probably the only effective method to employ.

PHOTOGRAPHING ELEPHANT

Written and Illustrated by E. H. NIGHTINGALE



1.—ELEPHANT IN THE BUSH COUNTRY OF THE SOUTHERN SUDAN

MY first photograph of an elephant was a sad disappointment to me. He was really a small elephant, being only half-grown, but he was angry and he looked very large and imposing as he stood facing me when I snapped him with the long-focus lens in my camera at a distance of a little over twenty-five yards. It was some weeks before I got an opportunity of developing the negative, but I anticipated something worth while, and my chagrin was acute when I found that not only did the animal fill a quite insignificant portion of the picture, but also that the photograph appeared to have been taken from behind a stockade of branches, a point which was certainly not borne out by my memory of the encounter. I determined to do better next time.

No opportunity occurred for a couple of years, and then one afternoon I was motoring along a road in the open bush country of Dinkaland in the Southern Sudan when the boys on the back of the lorry spotted a herd of elephant

a few hundred yards from the road. I had often seen tracks crossing the road in this locality, and always kept a look out for elephant, but had never before happened to come across them.

This time my luck was in. The elephant had not been disturbed by the car and were quietly browsing. The light was adequate, and the country was fairly open, with clumps of trees dotted over smooth bare earth where the long grass had been burnt off. More important still, the wind was blowing fair from the herd towards me, so that I was able to approach them without fear of their scenting me.

I walked uneventfully up to within forty or fifty yards of the nearest elephant, and took a nice general view of a group (Fig. 1), but I knew from my previous experience with my 10.5 cm. lens that I must go much nearer than that to get anything approaching a portrait. So I started cautiously to get to close quarters. Most of the elephant in the group I was stalking were standing about quietly, either asleep or in con-

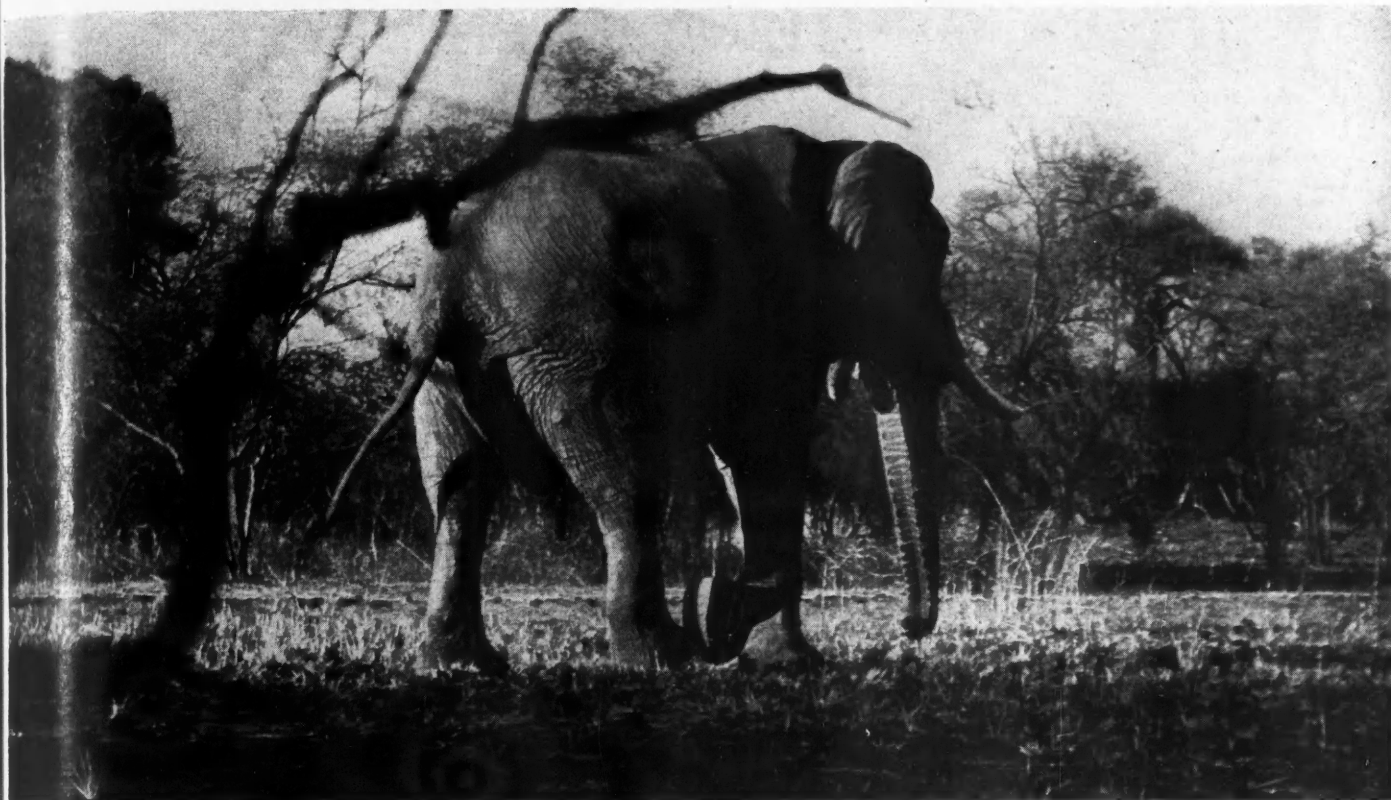
templative mood, and though the country was open and I was in full view, I got up to within twenty-five yards and secured several photographs (Fig. 2).

I had been told that elephant have very poor eyesight, but it seemed hard to believe that a creature whose eye I could plainly see looking straight towards me could fail to see me squatting on the open ground only twenty-five yards away. And yet this certainly seemed to be the case—until I made a sudden movement. Then things began to happen.

An old bull elephant, which had been quietly browsing, must have caught a glimpse of me, for he darted out from behind his tree and came hurriedly towards me. I thought it best to keep still. He stopped about twelve yards away from me, evidently uncertain what I was, and stood there for several seconds scrutinising me, very much on the alert. I had my camera ready and he would have made a magnificent picture, but as ill-luck would have it there was



2.—“MOST OF THEM WERE STANDING ABOUT ASLEEP OR IN CONTEMPLATIVE MOOD”



3.—“ HE APPARENTLY DECIDED THAT I WAS HARMLESS, FOR HE WHIPPED ROUND WITH THE AGILITY OF A POLO PONY AND STRODE OFF AT A SMART PACE ”

a dead branch of a tree in front of the camera immediately in my line of sight, and I was not going to risk moving while the old gentleman was showing so much interest in me at short range.

After a few moments he apparently decided that I was harmless but that my environment was unhealthy, for he whipped round with the agility of a polo pony and strode off at a smart pace (Fig. 3). I felt considerable relief, and just had time to move my camera out from behind the branch and get a close-up of his back view while he was still only fifteen to twenty yards away.

The cows must have taken fright while all

this was going on, as they had already moved off, and, though, following on the heels of the old bull, I caught up with them without difficulty, I managed to get only a general view of them in retreat, until they got into thicker bush and settled down again. By this time the wind was dropping and variable and the light was failing, so after taking another photograph I went back to the car.

This encounter taught me that an elephant, at any rate an unsuspicious elephant, does not normally seem to distinguish a stationary man even in the open at a range of only twenty yards. But to remain undetected it is important to keep

still, or to move slowly, preferably choosing a moment when the quarry is not looking your way.

This poor eyesight makes close-up photography of elephant easy compared with that of other big game; but the elephant's sense of smell is very good, and for this reason it is essential always to keep down-wind when approaching a herd. If the wind is very light or variable photography is sure to be difficult.

That the African elephant also makes good use of its enormous ears was brought home to me recently when I was taking some photographs of elephant. It was in country covered with palm-tree scrub, and the herd, which was a very big one numbering between a hundred and two hundred beasts, had already been disturbed, and was more or less on the alert.

I managed, however, to creep up to within fifteen or twenty yards of a group of young elephant which were browsing, and took a photograph of one in the act of conveying a succulent morsel to his mouth (Fig. 4). This mouthful never reached its destination, for the elephant heard the click of the camera and dropped his tit-bit and immediately made off, together with his companions. It is astonishing to think that an elephant could distinguish as a dangerous sound the click of a camera fifteen yards away among the rustling of dry palm-fronds in the wind, but the reaction was so instantaneous that I believe that it did so.

In photographing elephant at close quarters the three essentials would therefore seem to be to keep down-wind, to move slowly, and to be as quiet as possible.

It is a fascinating game, and for me, at least, much more fun than shooting.



4.—A GROUP OF YOUNG ELEPHANT BROWSING AMONG PALM-TREE SCRUB

A CORNER OF MERIONETH

Written and Illustrated by
J. D. U. WARD

THE south-western corner of Merioneth (to be pronounced Mery-yonn-eth) has no town of 3,000 inhabitants, and its countryside is sparsely populated. In an essay on the geology of the area, Dr. H. J. Fleure once noted that its charm lay largely in its rich contrasts; there were

Opportunities of walks on high moorlands or higher knife-edged ridges, with retreats among beautiful ravines or quiet valleys, and, always, the possibility of walking down the main valley, through one or other of its gates, out to the sands of the heath-cliffed estuary and the shores of Cardigan Bay.

An unromantic railway guide describes the county as "the true Wild Wales," a most mountainous district where "even the painstaking Welsh farmers find but little encouragement for their agricultural pursuits."

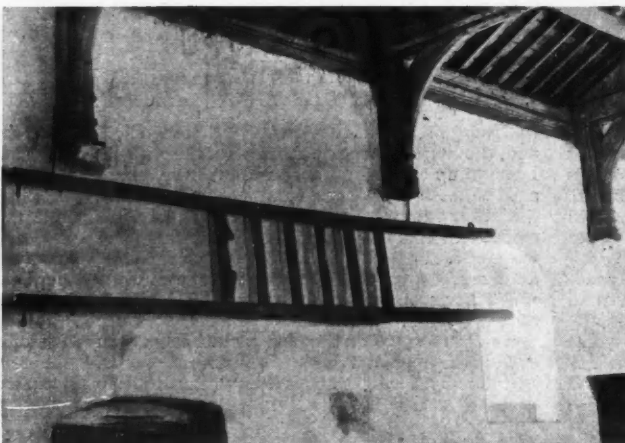
I asked two or three farmers about last winter. The first had lost four milk cows; they perished in the cowshed. The salt gales had spoilt most of what little fruit he grew. A second could not say how many sheep he had lost, but certainly many. Yes, indeed, he still used sleds for hay-carting on the higher ground. A third had been fortunate last winter, but, yes indeed, it was mountainous. As a boy he had been sent errands here from his father's more level farm, and he had been impressed that the farmer used three horses before the dung-cart. And now, for many years past, he had himself had this same farm where a dung-cart needed three horses.

In this parish of Llangelynin, within the small church of St. Celynin, which perches near the edge of the land overlooking the sea, there hangs a curious reminder of what this kind of country meant before roads were general. What appears to be an outsize stretcher is in fact a horse-bier, 16 ft. 10 ins. long (Fig. 3), intended to be borne by two horses or ponies, walking tandem, with the coffin between them. Thus would a Welsh farmer or his wife make the last journey along the narrow paths of the mountains. This horse-bier is said by some people to be a unique survival, but others think there is at least one other example elsewhere. However that may be, the late 12th- or early 13th-century church is itself remark-

able both for the carving of the timbers carrying its 15th-century roof and for the unusual position of the bell-turret (with a bell dated 1660) over the porch.



2.—THE HAPPY VALLEY, NEAR ABERDOVEY, MERIONETH



3.—A HORSE-BIER IN LLANGELYNIN CHURCH



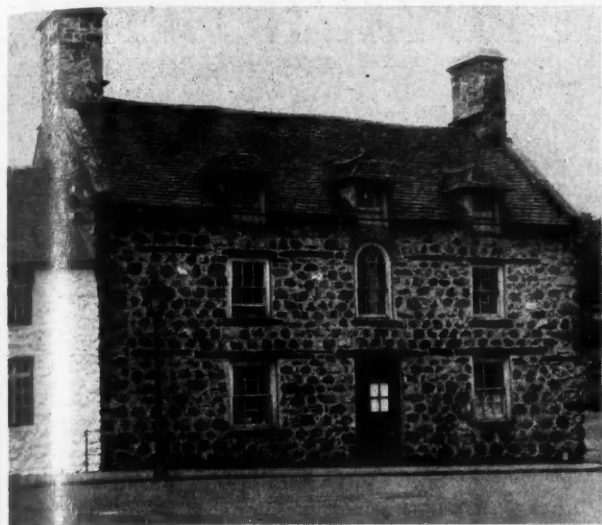
Less than three miles distant by map, at Llanegryn, is another ancient single-chamber church, which can boast the finest rood screen in North Wales. This superb screen (Fig. 1), whose sanctuary side is even more handsomely carved than that which faces the congregation, was made originally for Cymmer Abbey, near the county town of Dolgelly. After Cymmer had been dissolved with other monasteries in Henry VIII's reign, the screen came to this small church, which stands (like many ancient Welsh churches) well away from the village.

Another mile or two to the south is Towyn, whose church of St. Cadvan retains the largest and most interesting example of Norman architecture (1150-1200) in Merioneth. If Llanegryn's screen be held to recall one aspect or interpretation of monastic ideals, Towyn's great bare pillars without capitals (Fig. 6) may seem to recall another. Within this church is preserved an inscribed stone dated by the greatest experts as circa 660 and accordingly judged to be "probably the most ancient monument of the Welsh language." In 1761 it was said to have been removed from its place as a gate-post—Merioneth being a county where stone and slate gateposts are common to this day.

For most of Towyn silence is the kindest possible treatment, yet the church is not the only building of interest. One house in particular commands attention as an example of Georgian architecture in Welsh materials. (Fig. 4.) The great lintels of slate-like stone will be noticed, and the actual walling may be compared with the mortarless walls of some typical farm outbuildings in the primitive manner. Another interesting comparison may be made between this house and the cottages on which it looks—dwellings of pure vernacular character and charmingly simple lines (Fig. 5).

Within a mile and a half stands the mansion of Ynysmaengwyn, one of the largest houses in the county and uncompromisingly English in the more formal mid-18th-century style; and less than two miles farther north-east is the earlier Dolau Gwyn, whose stepped gables, comparable with those of Plas Mawr (the Great

1.—THE ROOD SCREEN IN THE CHURCH AT LLANEGRYN. This screen, reported the finest in North Wales, was brought from Cymmer Abbey on the latter's dissolution by Henry VIII



4.—A GEORGIAN HOUSE IN TOWYN.



5.—SOME OF THE NEIGHBOURING COTTAGES

House at Conway) and lion rampant over the porch are reminiscent of Scotland (Fig. 7). Dolau Gwyn, with its mullioned and transomed windows, is early 17th-century; in the kitchen is the date 1620. The panelled drawing-room boasts a plaster ceiling, and the original staircase survives.

Dolau Gwyn makes a curious contrast with Dyffryn Gwyn (1640) in the next valley. Dyffryn Gwyn, now a farm-house, has been described by authorities as an example of a small Welsh mansion or manor house, but to an English eye it is merely a large cottage built more solidly and carefully than usual, but without any of Dolau Gwyn's suggestion of prosperity, confidence and ambition. The situation of the smaller house is such that, even in midsummer, it receives no sun upon its face until about six p.m.

No sun until six: that suggests gloom, but the valley of Dyffryn Gwyn is the Happy Valley, and the name seems apt enough when you climb behind the farm-house and look back. (Fig. 2.) As usual, the camera flattens: the true steepness of the country, its heights and depths, are ironed out, as it were, on celluloid and paper.

This beautiful country, which tempts you to laze and watch the shadows of the clouds (drifting inland from the sea) as they pass ghost-like over the slopes of the hills, has some curious surprises for the naturalist. There are the expected plants: bilberry or whinberry and heartsease, large patches of raspberry canes and foxgloves, cotton grass and bog asphodel. But here, where the human population is sparse and much of the land wild and uncultivated, rabbits are few, and badgers (now so numerous in most English counties) are relatively rare. Yet polecats (unknown in most parts of England) are comparatively common. Grouse are very scarce or non-existent, and the country probably offers, on balance, more to the geologist, the lover of scenery and the general field naturalist than to the sportsman.

South of the Happy Valley lies Aberdovey (Dovey's mouth) and the whole tidal estuary of the Dovey—with North Cardiganshire on its farther side. Here the curlews are crying while two circling buzzards mew from above. Glasses will show shelducks and oyster-catchers on the sandbanks; somewhere from the scrub oak woods a cock pheasant calls, and in that clump of pines a pair of red squirrels lives. The river itself is famous for sea-trout (I heard of a fish that weighed 26½ lb.), and out by the point, not far from the refuge for walkers caught by the tide, terns used to nest—until man-made "ducks" (thundering monsters of steel) were brought here to practise swimming.

On any fine clear day, from the heights immediately behind or north of Aberdovey, one may see the full superb sweep of Cardigan

7.—DOLAU GWYN, AN EARLY 17th-CENTURY COUNTRY HOUSE



6.—TOWYN CHURCH, WITH ITS GREAT BARE PILLARS WITHOUT CAPITALS. It retains the largest and most interesting example of Norman architecture in Merioneth

Bay from the Llyn Peninsula of Carnarvonshire to Strumble Head near Fishguard in Pembrokeshire. Since everyone has heard tales of towns lying under the waters of this sea, it may be worth remarking that there are places on this coast where the land and not the sea is now gaining ground.

Beside the timber pier of Aberdovey, now used much less than it might be, floats the Outward Bound Sea School's training schooner, named *Garibaldi* by Garibaldi's historian, Dr. G. M. Trevelyan. During part of the war, the school also had the *Prince Louis*, in which the Duke of Edinburgh received his earlier training in seamanship.

Much might be written of Aberdovey, the estuary and the railway, which, when it is not popping into tunnels so that the trains make strange rumbles for any houses built above, sweeps in such serpentine curves as Hogarth or "Capability" Brown would have approved. Not everyone has been pleased with the line's effects on the rise and decline of local industries and the small port's trade, and there have been critics of the golf course and hotels-for-the-English. I merely suggest that we English, ourselves so alien-conscious, are not always very alert when we blunder, as aliens ourselves, in search of beauty or business, into territory that is not our own. Though we have turned Aberdyfi into Aberdovey, most of the names on the map still testify that this is not England. This side of the estuary are Cwm Dyffryn, Ffridd Cwm-Isaf and Penhelyg, and beyond lie Tiaeth Maelgwyn, Ynys-las and Ysgubor-v-coed.



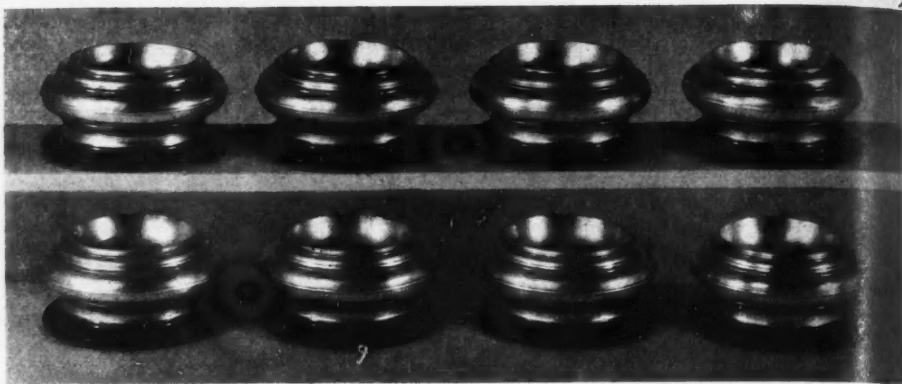
QUEEN ANNE SILVER OF THE ROYAL HOSPITAL, GREENWICH

By A. G. GRIMWADE

THE Royal Naval College, Greenwich, possesses as part of its mess plate the old English silver originally belonging to the Royal Hospital for Seamen, the institution, springing from Queen Mary's compassion for sailors wounded in 1692 in the battle of La Hogue, for which Wren's masterpiece was built.

The first pensioners were installed at Greenwich in 1705, and the Hospital remained there until 1869, when it became redundant and was closed. After an interval of several years the building became the home of the Royal Naval College, and has so remained to the present. With the building the valuables of the Hospital were also transferred, though no documentary evidence appears to have legalised the change of owners, and thus it is that to-day the mess tables in the Painted Hall on guest nights are still graced by Queen Anne silver originally given to the Seamen's Hospital.

The individual pieces of silver show an intimate and close connection between the various donors and the building and adornment of the Hospital. In this respect the most interesting are the rare set of eight Queen Anne trencher salt-cellars (Fig. 2). These bear the London hall-marks for 1706 and the maker's mark of Joseph Bird. They are engraved "The Gift of Mr. Nicolas Hawkesmoor to the Royal Hospital att Greenwich." Hawkesmoor, destined to be so closely associated with Wren and Vanbrugh in the building of the Hospital, was elected Clerk of the Works in 1698 and later elevated to the title of "Clerk to Mr. Surveyor" at a salary



2.—NICOLAS HAWKESMOOR'S SALT-CELLARS, BY JOSEPH BIRD, 1706

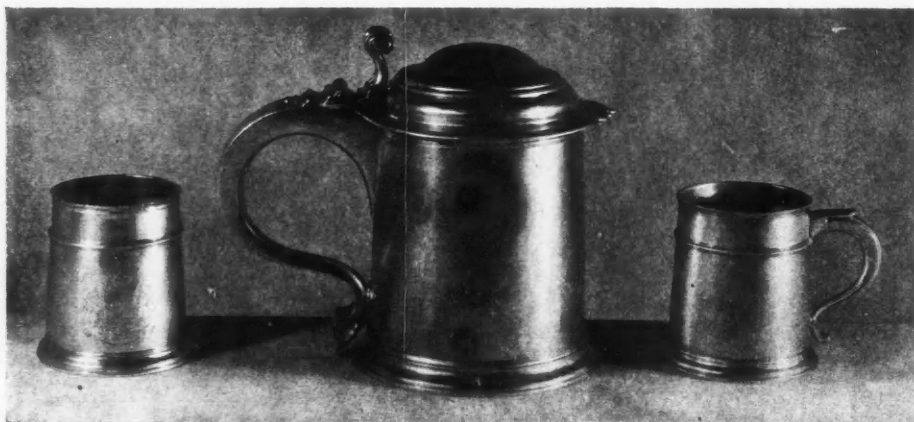
Greenwich." This doctor was a Commissioner for the foundation, one of the Sub-Committee for the fabric of the Hospital in 1695, and one of the first directors appointed in 1703. In 1704, just before the opening of the institution, he was appointed its first physician, which post he held till 1713. He lived at Greenwich and later became physician to St. Bartholomew's Hospital.

Another donor, who served jointly with Cade in the same duties, save that of physician, was Edward Dummer, Master Shipwright. He is represented by the largest and finest piece in the collection, a Monteith bowl by John Rand, 1706. This noble piece measures fourteen and a half inches in diameter (Fig. 3). It is of the usual form for the punch-bowls of the period with fluted body and lion's mask and ring handles. The rim, however, possesses an

unusual feature in the chasing of dolphins, which with their curved bodies and boldly displayed tails follow the scalloped outline, and together with the shells between give a nautical flavour to the design, making it apparent that the piece must have been specially ordered, a supposition supported by the fact that I can trace no example of a similar dolphin rim in any other Monteith of the period. Like the other pieces, the bowl bears the arms of the Hospital and the inscription "The Gift of Edward Dummer Esq to ye Royal Hospital for Seamen att Greenwich ye 21st of April 1707."

The donor was a shipwright of merit and capability, rising from Carpenter of the "Hampton Court" under Charles II (when Pepys called him an "ingenious young man, but said rarely to have handled a tool") to be Assistant Surveyor of the Navy in 1689 and Surveyor in 1692. In 1699, however, he was dismissed for alleged irregularities, and in 1702 inaugurated the first Transatlantic mail and a passenger service between England and the West Indies. He was a Governor of the Hospital till his death in 1713.

A further gift was the fine set of three casters (Fig. 5). These are by Andrew Raven, 1706, and bear the arms of the Hospital and the inscription "The Gift of Capt Wm Saunderson to the Royall Hospital att Greenwich." They are seven inches and nine and a quarter inches high and admirably demonstrate the restraint and fine proportions of English silver of this period. Saunderson also presented a plain mug by the same maker in 1706, which bears the same inscription as the casters, and a large punch ladle or basting spoon with tapering cylindrical handle, also by Andrew Raven, 1706 (Fig. 4 middle). This magnificent example



1.—DR. SALISBURY CADE'S TANKARD AND MUGS, BY BENJAMIN PYNE, 1707. (Right) 3.—EDWARD DUMMER'S MONTEITH BOWL, BY JOHN RAND, 1706

of £50 per annum. Subsequently he became known as Deputy Surveyor, and he continued his association with Greenwich for forty years, residing there and designing the church of St. Alphege, now a shattered victim of the Luftwaffe. To the salt-cellars were later added eight spoons, "The Gift of Sir I. Colpoys, Treasurer 1805." This naval officer, memorable for his part in the Spithead Mutiny, succeeded Hood in 1816 as Governor at Greenwich, which post he held for five years until his death.

The other direct connection between the silver and the fabric of the Hospital is a set of six rat-tailed spoons made by Isaac Davenport in 1706 and bearing the crest of the Hospital and the inscription "J. Thornhill." We are instantly reminded of the glories of the Painted Hall, on which the artist laboured for nineteen years for a total payment of £6,688, reckoned at £3 per yard for the ceiling and £1 per yard for the walls, rates which he considered so niggardly as to evoke from him a letter of protest to the Commissioners at the end of his Herculean task.

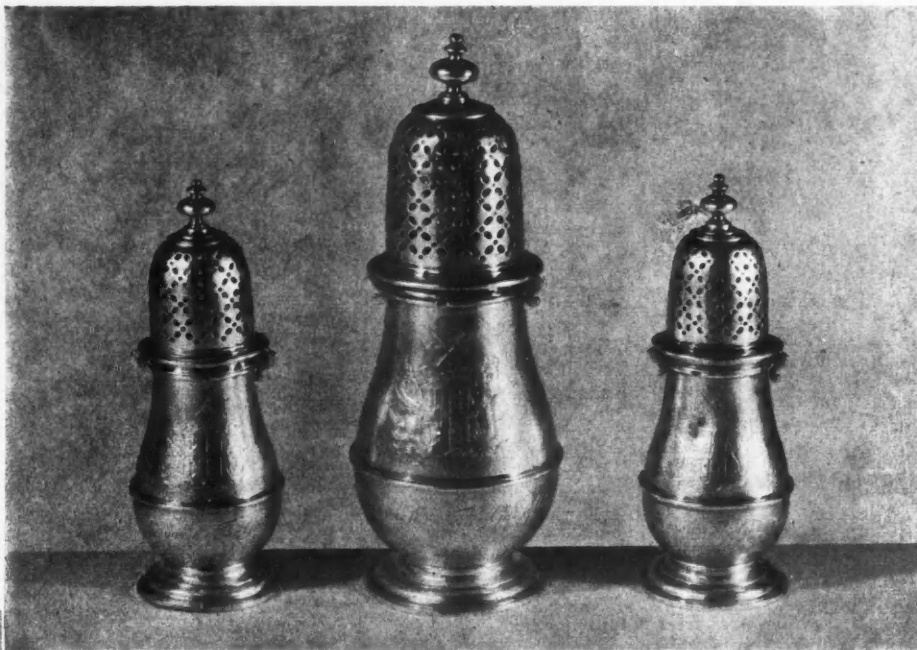
After these souvenirs of the building itself, we find the care of its inmates recalled by a fine Queen Anne tankard and a pair of mugs (Fig. 1). These are all by the well-known silversmith Benjamin Pyne, and bear the London hall-marks for 1707. The bodies are engraved with the arms of the foundation, and the bases with the inscription "The Gift of Doctr Salisbury Cade to ye Royal Hospital for Seamen at



of the spoon-maker's craft is twenty-one inches long; the back of the bowl is boldly engraved with the Hospital arms as before.

The donor of these last pieces appears to have been one Sir William Saunderson, who, according to Charnock's *Biographia Navalis*, was a son of Capt. Ralph Saunderson, one of the Hospital fabric sub-committee. Sir William was captain of the *Peregrine* yacht, which brought George I to England on his accession, and was knighted by the King on landing at Gravesend. He died at Greenwich in 1724, but no official connection between him and the Hospital is on record.

Though all the pieces so far described are by a number of silversmiths, all the inscriptions were apparently engraved by the same hand, as were also the arms. This fact, considering also that the dates of the pieces are all either 1706 or 1707, would suggest that, shortly after the opening of the Hospital, an appeal was made to those interested to subscribe for gifts of plate; or possibly the idea may have originated spontaneously among members of the Committee entrusted with the direction of affairs. So far it will be obvious that each donor had some definite connection with the Hospital, except perhaps Saunderson (whose father was at least on the



4.—(Left) (Left to right) ABEL SLANEY'S AND WM. PATE'S GRavy SPOON, BY ISAAC DAVENPORT; CAPT. SAUNDERSON'S BASTING SPOON, BY ANDREW RAVEN; THE CHATHAM CHEST SPOON, BY ANDREW ARCHER, 1709.

5.—CAPT. WM. SAUNDERSON'S CASTERS, BY ANDREW RAVEN, 1706

among the Commissioners appointed "all and every Aldermen of the same city (London) for the time being." It seems highly probable that both Slaney and Pate acted in this capacity and joined the other donors of plate to the Hospital at this time.

The third spoon shown is a most interesting link with the earlier charity for seamen—the Chatham Chest—founded by James I for the relief of indigent and wounded seamen and so called from the chest in which the funds were kept and from which payments were made in the south porch of Chatham Church. The original chest is now preserved in the hall of the Queen's House, Greenwich, and with its five locks is closely depicted in the engraving on the spoon, on which stands the figure of a one-armed and wooden-legged veteran surmounted by the inscriptions "*Sigillum Arcae Chatham*" and "*Pro Regina et Patria*." This spoon bears the maker's mark of Andrew Archer and the date-letter for 1709 and must have belonged to the Commissioners of the Chatham Chest, whose functions were eventually absorbed by the Royal Hospital, though nothing further is known of its history.

Fig. 6 shows two further pieces of Queen Anne date, both of 1709. The tank-

ard is by Richard Green and is engraved with the arms of Clements and "The Gift of Mrs. Alice Clements Relict of Capt John Clements Late Lieutenant Governour to the Royall Hospitall at Greenwich." This officer had been captain of a number of yachts under Charles II. He was appointed Lieut.-Governor of Greenwich in 1704, and died the following year. His widow also presented to the Hospital his portrait by John Greenhill which now hangs in the Queen's House in the National Maritime collection.

The other piece shown in Fig. 6 is by Seth Lofthouse and is engraved with the Royal crown and monogram of Queen Anne on one side and on the other with a large anchor between two smaller and the inscription "*Sigillum Officii Navalis*." This piece appears to have no direct connection with the Hospital and may possibly have found its way into the collection as a result of the one-time practice, now abandoned, whereby the Greenwich plate was sent annually to Whitehall to grace a dinner given by the First Lord of the Admiralty to the Cabinet.

This completes the extent of the Queen Anne silver at Greenwich. I am indebted to the Commander and Mess Secretary of the Royal Naval College for their courtesy in allowing me to inspect and photograph the plate, and to Mr. P. T. Angell, its devoted custodian, for his ready and willing assistance, as also to Mr. G. P. B. Naish, of the National Maritime Museum, for information on the donors.



6.—CAPT. JOHN CLEMENTS'S TANKARD, BY RICHARD GREEN, 1709. (Right) ADMIRALTY CUP, BY SETH LOFTHOUSE, 1709

fabric sub-committee), though other gifts next to be considered do not seem to be so closely connected.

At the same time it is amusing, if not of serious relevance, to notice that all the silversmiths represented bear honest English names at a time when the Huguenot refugees were foremost in the production of fine pieces, and one is tempted to read in this fact an indication of a sturdy English reluctance on the donors' part to patronise other than native craftsmen for an institution so particularly national in character.

Two other large spoons are shown in Fig. 4. The first of these was made by Isaac Davenport, maker of the Thornhill spoons, in 1706, and bears the inscription "The Gift of Abel Slaney and Wm Pate to ye Royal Hospital at Greenwich." These two donors were jointly responsible also for six tablespoons exactly similar to the Thornhill pieces, and William Pate alone for a further set of six, all by Davenport, of the year 1706. Abel Slaney has not been identified, but it is probable that his fellow donor, William Pate, was the Alderman of London known as the "learned woollen-draper," friend of Swift, Steele and Pope, and Sheriff of London in 1734. He lived at Lee Grove, Blackheath. The original Commission for the founding of the Hospital named

CHILLINGTON HALL, STAFFORDSHIRE—III

THE HOME OF MR. T. A. W. GIFFARD

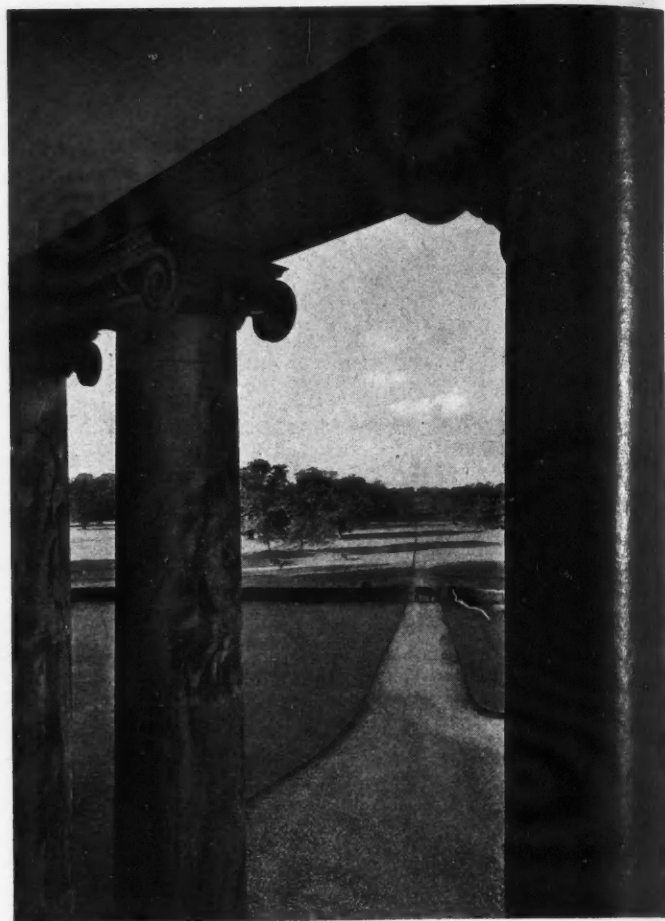
By ARTHUR OSWALD

Between 1786 and 1789 John Soane re-built the main portion of the house for Thomas Giffard the younger, incorporating the Early Georgian south wing

AT Chillington three phases of 18th-century taste can be studied, and they coincide with the ownerships of three generations of Giffards. The south wing, illustrated last week, is a good example of early Georgian practice, influenced by the work of Gibbs and probably, as we have suggested, designed and built by Smith of Warwick. The great lake lying to the south of the house, though not visible from it, was formed by "Capability" Brown, and with its temples, classic and Gothic, and the bridge designed by James Paine, provides a notable example of the picturesque kind of landscape that by 1770 had become the ideal of every landowner with a park "capable of improvement." The third phase is represented by Soane's rebuilding of the main portion of the house. This took place in the late 1780s.

Two Thomas Giffards, father and son, were responsible for the second and third of these stages in the development of house and park. Each visited Italy as a young man and in the course of his tour was painted by Pompeo Batoni at Rome—the father in 1766, the son about 18 years later. The two portraits hang in the dining-room and incidentally show that in old age Batoni kept in touch with the tastes and fashions of the milords who sat to him. While the elder Thomas Giffard is painted in a rather stiff three-quarter length with a bust of Minerva beside him, his son is represented full-length in a portrait full of swagger (Fig. 6), leaning against a pedestal, cane in hand and with his dog at his feet, the picture of a young English dandy. The mother of the younger Thomas was a Throckmorton of Coughton. Two generations of Giffards took wives from this family, who were also Roman Catholics, for Peter Giffard had married as his second wife, Barbara, daughter of Sir Robert Throckmorton, third baronet, and Thomas Giffard, the elder, followed suit by marrying, also *en deuxième nocces*, his step-mother's niece, who was another Barbara, daughter of the fourth baronet. And there was a third alliance between the families of Chillington and Coughton, when Mary, the elder Thomas's half-sister, married Sir John Throckmorton, the fifth baronet. She was a friend of the poet Cowper, who composed some verses about a grove of oak trees, which were planted at Chillington in 1790.

The creation of the lake in the park and the planting that accompanied it were probably works of the early 'seventies, and at this time the elder Thomas was considering building himself an entirely new house. Among the Adam drawings in Sir John Soane's Museum are two elevations dated 1772 for a mansion comprising a central block

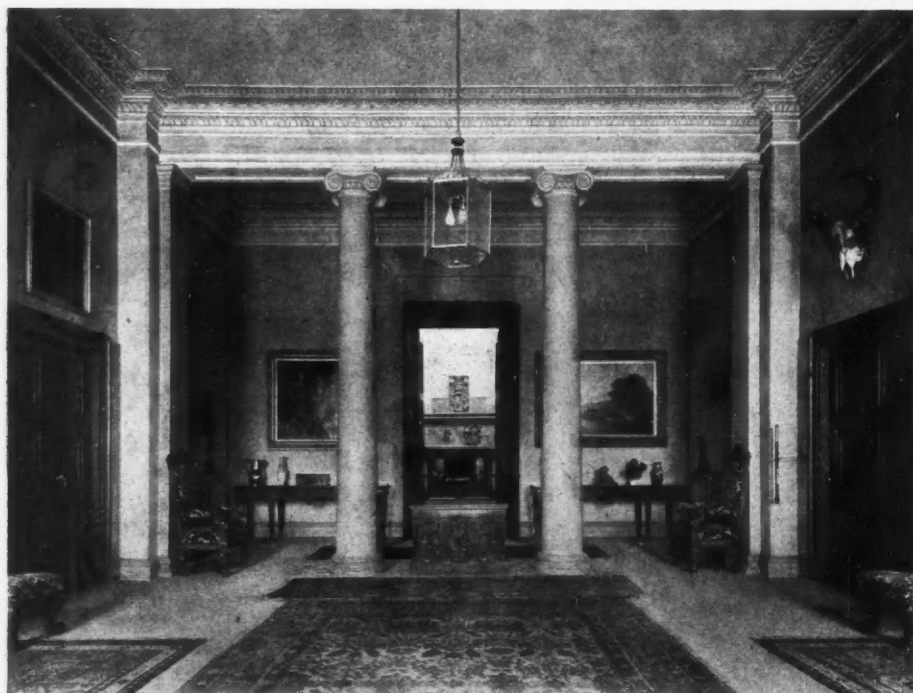


2.—A GLIMPSE THROUGH THE PORTICO DOWN THE OAK AVENUE

and two low wings, with a raised portico to its main front, which was to face south, perhaps indicating that the idea was to build on a different site overlooking the lake. There are also alternative plans for rebuilding the old house but incorporating the early Georgian south wing, as was eventually done, but to Soane's designs, not Adam's. Mr. Arthur Bolton in his *Architecture of Robert and James Adam* stated that Adam's modified design was "partly carried out" and credited Soane only with "some alterations at a later date." But it is not certain that anything was done by Adam, although it is possible that a start on the modified scheme had been made before Giffard's death. That occurred in 1776, when he was only 41, and, his son being a boy of 12 at the time, the whole project was interrupted for ten years.

The younger Thomas came of age in 1785. His arrival in London was noted by George Selwyn, who described him as a young man of large patrimony, which he was rapidly dissipating. But in 1788 he married and settled down. The steady influence of his wife, Charlotte, a daughter of the second Viscount Courtenay, may have been responsible for the rather hurried fashion in which Soane's rebuilding of Chillington was finished off. In a file of Soane's drawings for Chillington in the Soane Museum is one with a note against it: "Copy of drawing sent to be executed June 10, 1786," showing that work started very soon after Thomas Giffard reached his majority.

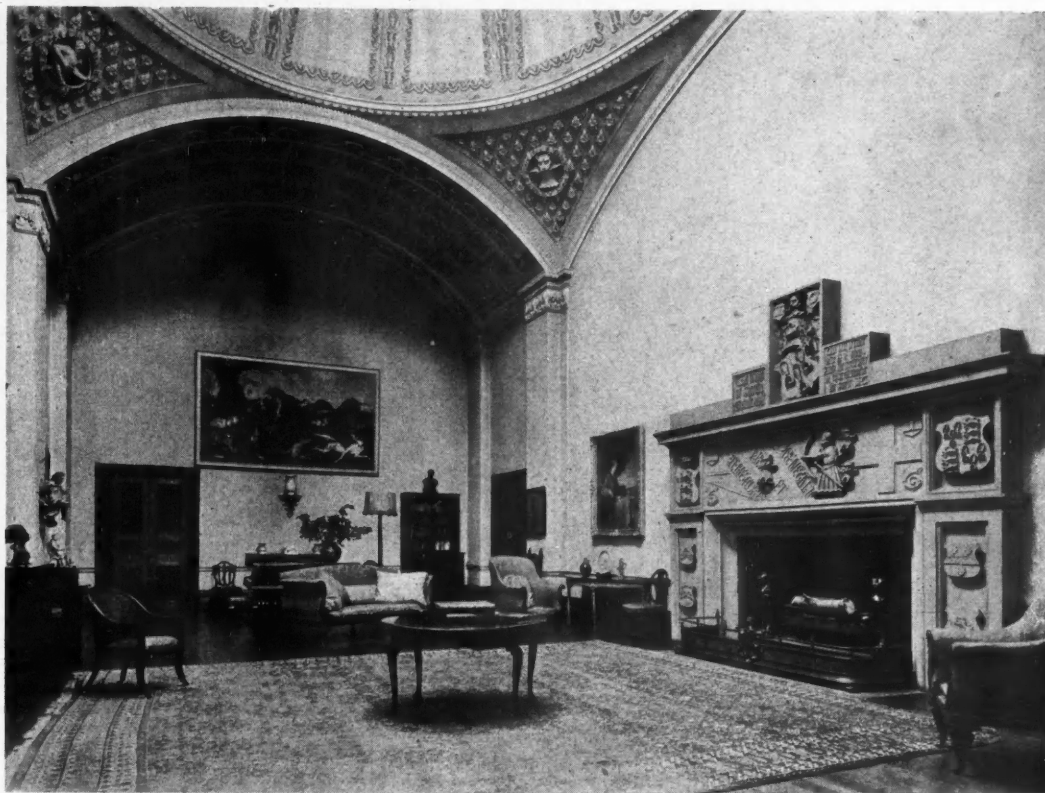
Soane was his client's senior by a matter of 11 years. Articled first to George Dance the younger, and then to Henry Holland, two of the most independently minded architects of the age, he had gone to Italy in 1777 with a travelling studentship, earned by a design for a triumphal bridge. (The idea was a recurring obsession with Soane and he made a design for one at Chillington, reproduced in the first article, but it was not carried out.) On his return from Italy in 1780 he began to build up a considerable country house



1.—THE ENTRANCE HALL

practice. Many of his early works, including six designs for Chillington, are figured in the volume which he published in 1788. As his ideas were often too ambitious or too original for his clients, Soane published the rejected designs along with those actually executed, which were often no more than alterations or modifications of an existing building.

Like Adam, Soane tried to persuade his employer to build an entirely new house. Fig. 10 shows the entrance front "as proposed," with a saucer dome rising above the portico and the terminals adorned with pilasters in pairs echoing the four central columns. When it was decided to incorporate Peter Giffard's south range, the two wings were given attics and made of three-store height. Among Soane's drawings is a water-colour perspective which embodies the executed design in essentials (Fig. 1); but the statue and the ornament on the frieze of the portico were omitted; there are chimneys which the drawing suppresses, and the walls are shown faced with stucco. The stucco facing was never applied, and although the pale red bricks have a rough surface never intended to be exposed, they give a warmth and texture to the building that cause no regrets that Soane's intentions were set aside, when it had been decided to leave the early Georgian brickwork of the south front unaltered. A detail of Soane's portico is seen in Fig. 2, where we are looking north-eastward down the long avenue. The Ionic



3.—THE SALOON, PROBABLY FORMED WITHIN THE WALLS OF THE TUDOR GREAT HALL

capitals are based on those of the Temple of Fortune at Rome. The columns are composed of huge drums of Tunstall stone of a creamy colour streaked with dark brown veins.

Not only was the exterior left incomplete but much of the decoration intended by Soane for the interior was never executed. A drawing for the hall shows a segmental

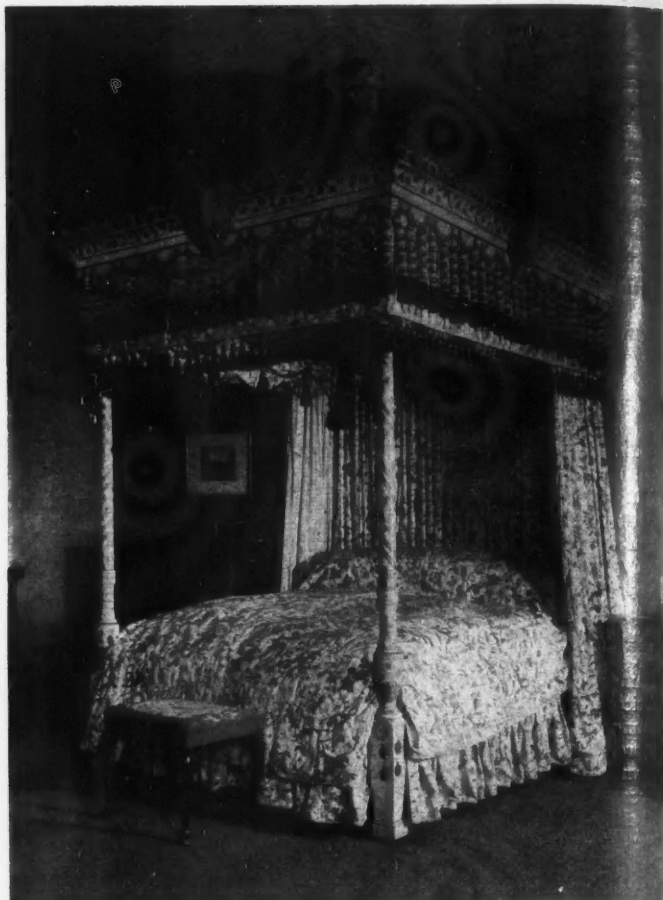
ceiling, pale pink walls and a screen of four columns instead of the pair *in antis* actually carried out (Fig. 1). Doors to right and left open respectively into the dining-room, and drawing-room, which are of equal size balancing one another. but the decoration of the latter was not put in hand until Thomas the younger had been



4.—A CONTRAST IN CURVES: THE ROOF OF THE SALOON. (Right) 5.—DETAIL OF THE SALOON, WITH ONE OF THE GIFFARD CRESTS AND MOTTO IN THE PENDENTIVE



6.—THE DINING-ROOM, WITH A PORTRAIT OF THOMAS GIFFARD THE YOUNGER BY POMPEO BATONI (*circa* 1784).
(*Right*) 7.—THE STATE BED, WITH FLOWERED CHINTZ HANGINGS (*circa* 1790)

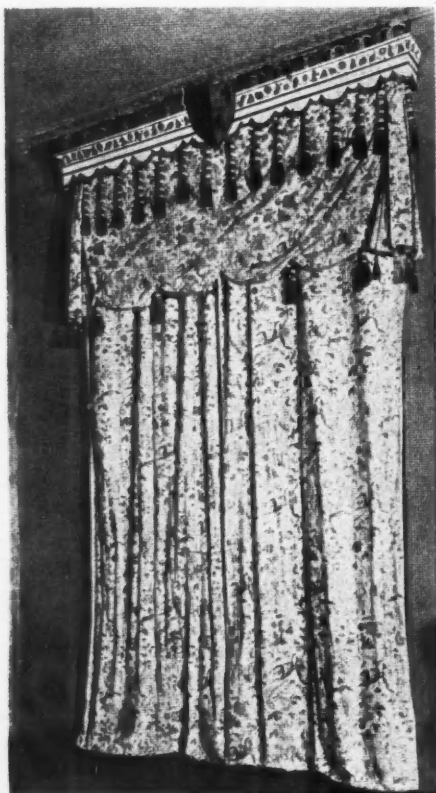


succeeded by his son, Thomas William. The dining-room (Fig. 6) has fine mahogany doors characteristic of the 1780s and a delicate triglyph frieze, but the central ornament of the ceiling and its vine wreath are later. A nice set of shield-back chairs of Hepplewhite character go with an elegant

dining-table of the same period; at the end of the room, below Batoni's portrait of the younger Thomas Giffard, are a sideboard and wine-cooler which, if not Regency, are still within the Regency tradition but probably as late as 1825.

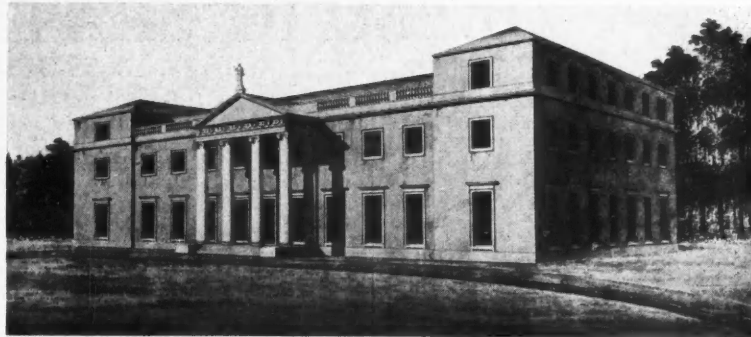
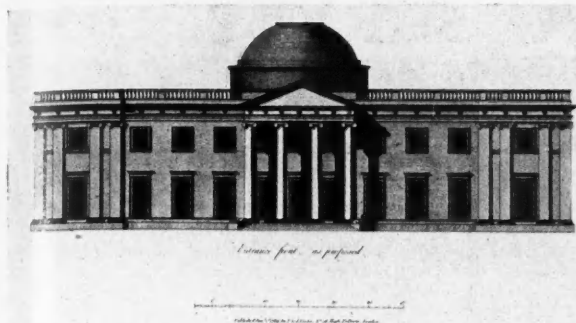
The plan reproduced by Soane in his

book (Fig. 14) shows how the south block (seen on the left) was incorporated in his scheme. Both it and the early Georgian staircase are reached by a north-south corridor crossing the inner end of the entrance hall. The treatment of this corridor and of the one on the bedroom floor above, which is



(*Left*) 8.—WINDOW HANGINGS IN THE STATE BEDROOM. THE ARMS ON THE SHIELD ARE GIFFARD IMPALING COURTENAY

9.—THE PAINTED DOME OF THE STATE BED. THE FLOWER MOTIVES ARE ENCLOSED IN CHOCOLATE AND PALE BLUE BORDERS



10.—SOANE'S ELEVATION FOR THE ENTRANCE FRONT "AS PROPOSED". (Right) 11.—PERSPECTIVE OF THE HOUSE FROM THE NORTH-EAST, NEARLY AS EXECUTED

broken at either end by a top-lit domed compartment carried on transverse arches, is typical of Soane's handling and shows how he contrived to give interest and variety to quite unimportant elements. The double doors at the far end of the entrance hall open into the saloon (Fig. 3), where Soane was able to realise at any rate some of his intentions, although not the scheme illustrated in his book. From the thickness of the east and west walls of the saloon as shown on the plan it looks as though parts of the walls of the Tudor great hall were retained, and if this was so, their existence must have been a pre-determining factor in the reconstruction of the house.

In the key to the plan there is a note against the saloon: "originally intended for the chapel and to have been executed as far as the dotted lines." In Fig. 13 we see a "Section of the Great Room or Saloon as Proposed," displaying a design in three compartments, with a Corinthian order and pairs of columns dividing the two ends with their coffered vaults from the large central top-lit space. In the plan the northern compartment has already been sacrificed, but the columns remain, though a new scheme approximating to that carried out is indicated for the roof of the large but no longer central space. A great ellipse carried on small pendentives is coved upwards to a smaller oval, which is given clerestory lighting (Fig. 4). As executed the detail is Greek, not Roman, and the screen columns have disappeared, corner pilasters taking their place. The end compartment has a low segmental vault with square coffered panels between bands of scrolling acanthus. In the pendentives below the ellipse the two Giffard crests are set in roundels inscribed with the family motto against a trellis pattern (Fig. 5). The whole design is very effective, though it suffers

from the absence of the balancing compartment at the north end. Soane's love of contrasting curves, which was to be seen in so many of his interiors in the old Bank of England, is already conspicuous here. It was in 1788, while still engaged on the rebuilding of Chillington, that his appointment as



12.—GILT CHANDELIER IN THE DRAWING-ROOM (circa 1825)

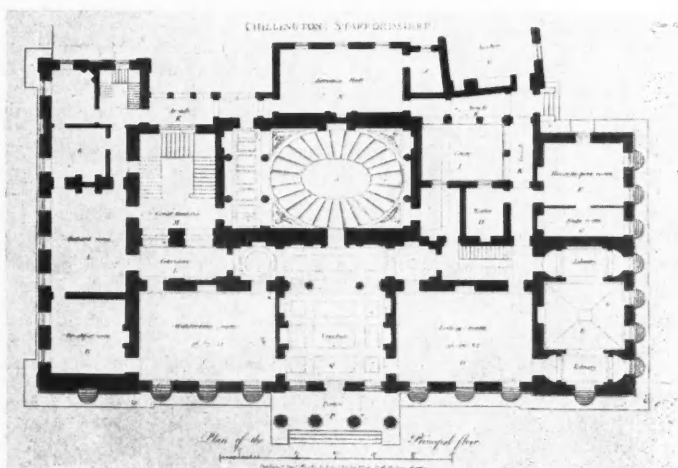
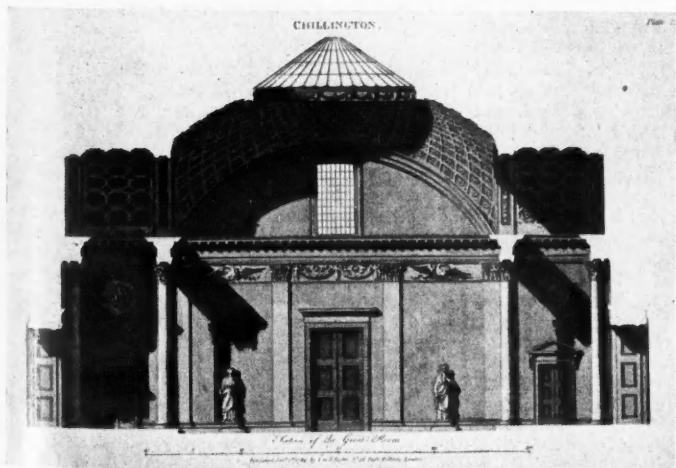
architect to the Bank took place. The colour scheme of the saloon shows slate grey walls and buff ceilings with the enrichments white.

Upstairs, in a bedroom over the dining-room, is a magnificent State bed (Fig. 7) with window hangings *en suite* (Fig. 8), probably ordered by Thomas Giffard at the time of his marriage to Charlotte Courtenay.

Their impaled arms are painted on shields attached to the cornices both of bed and windows, and on the dome of the bed sit four Giffard panthers. The architectural framework is delicately painted on a white ground in colours to match the lovely flowered chintz hangings and spread; the tassels are green. The bed posts are of the usual late 18th-century form but painted with little sprays of flowers between a twist of ribbons. These pretty flower motives also appear on the cornice and both on the upper and under sides of the dome (Fig. 9), where they are enclosed in panels with chocolate and pale blue borders. It is not known what firm supplied these sumptuous furnishings.

Thomas Giffard the younger had a large family of five sons and seven daughters. The sixth daughter became the second wife of the notorious Jack Mytton, some of whose more spectacular shooting and driving exploits are said to have taken place at Chillington.

After Thomas William Giffard had succeeded in 1823, he completed some of the interior work left unfinished by his father, introducing the stone paving in the hall and decorating the drawing-room. Fig. 12 shows a fine gilt candelabrum of this period and also part of the ceiling decoration of the drawing-room, which has a delicate colour scheme of pale green, pink and gold. The heraldic chimney-piece in the saloon (Fig. 3), to which reference was made last week, is probably also due to Thomas William Giffard. His successor was his brother, Walter Peter, grandfather of the present owner. Mr. Giffard, who succeeded his father in 1926, is the twenty-seventh of his family to hold Chillington in a line that began with the Peter Giffard who acquired it in or about the year 1178.



13.—SECTION OF THE SALOON AS FIRST INTENDED BY SOANE. (Right) 14.—SOANE'S PLAN OF CHILLINGTON, SHOWING THE INCORPORATED WING OF 1724 (left). Figs. 10, 13 and 14 are plates from Soane's volume of his early designs published in 1788

OLYMPIC SKATING SURVEY

By T. D. RICHARDSON

THE figure-skating competitions in the Olympic Games held at St. Moritz recently were notable in that, for the first time, the men's and ladies' titles have crossed the Atlantic.

My mind goes back to the earliest of these games—although it was not a separate entity—in 1908, when the first of a long line of fine skaters, the late Irving Brokaw, of Boston, Mass., came over and, although he did not win, surprised people by the power of his skating. Forty years have passed, and young Richard Button, of New Jersey, has annexed the coveted crown. He is a really fine school figure-skater with a very sound technique, who adopts in most, but not all, the figures an open smooth style. But it is in the free skating that he excels. All the double jumps, together with a flying sit-spin, are under complete command. Moreover, his programme has tremendous speed, it is rhythmic and dramatic, and he interprets his Rumanian music perfectly. I think it is the greatest competition free skating I have yet seen.

But his secret lies not only in his prowess as a skater and a man of strong artistic temperament; he is also a very fine athlete. His physical strength is phenomenal and is the result of eight hours' training a day for nine months of the year for six years. (No one but a physical giant could stand it.) He stands 5 ft. 9½ ins. and weighs 11 stone 10 lb. of muscle which stands him in good stead on any kind of ice.

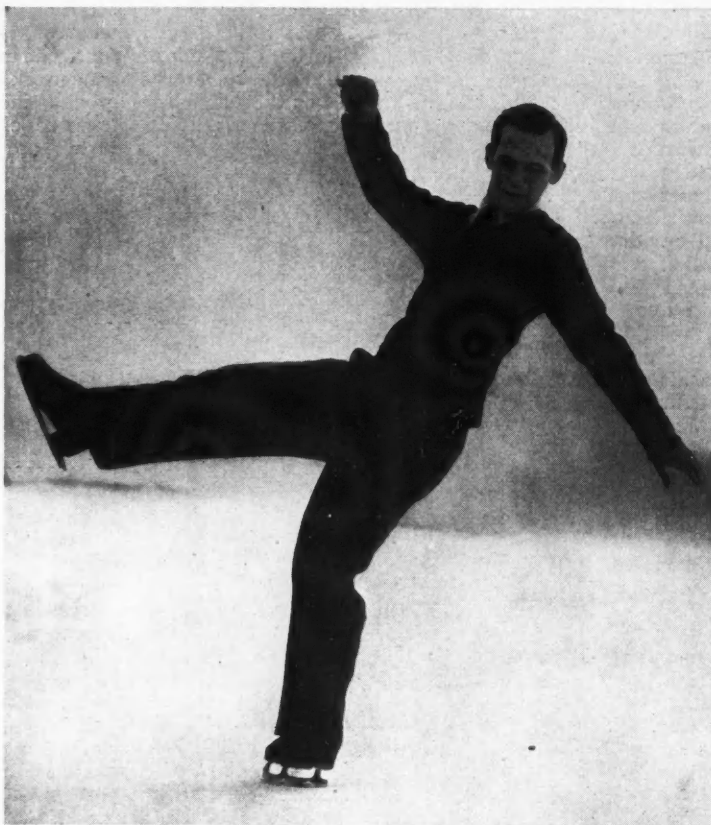
Under the conditions that have existed in Britain since 1939 I do not think it possible to produce anyone to equal him. At the same time, the greatest credit must go to his coach and trainer, the redoubtable Gustav Lussi, an American of long Swiss lineage who hails from Stans, near Lucerne.

Hans Gerschwiler (Switzerland) is Button's closest rival. A great classical skater, superb in the school figures and free alike, but, I think, just lacking in that reserve of power on which to draw when under pressure, Gerschwiler has lived in London since he was a boy and learned his skating from his world-famous uncles, who teach at Queen's and Richmond, and who are, more than anyone else, responsible for the modern British style of skating. His technique in the school figures bears the hall-mark of excellence, his turns are of quality and his general drawing on the ice is first class, the result of perfect poise on the skate. In free skating the composition of his programme is varied and smooth, combining unequalled footwork in the dance steps with spins and jumps of great beauty. This season he seems to have "struck a patch." In practice he has been grand, but always something has seemed to go wrong on the day. The whole skating world will look forward to further struggles between these two great skaters.

Austria had a fine team of three in this men's competition, Ede Rada, Dr. May and Hellmut Seibt, all very good, particularly in the school figures, where Rada to my mind concentrated too much on personal appearance at the expense of workmanship. Dr. May, who incidentally skated for his country at Garmisch in the Fourth Winter Games in 1936, is now a veteran, and his skating, with his personality, has mellowed with the years. I liked his skating the best of the three's, although he was placed 8th and Rada 3rd.

John Lettengarver and the youthful James

Grogan (U.S.A.), placed 4th and 6th respectively, were, I thought, marked rather generously. "Barrier judges," it is true, cannot really see the drawings on the ice, but they are able, equally with those officials whose business it is to award the marks, to observe the style and in a measure to form an opinion on what has actually happened. As figure-skating is the drawing by a skate on the ice, the result of movements of the body poised on the skate, it is safe to say that in general bad, or shall I say inferior, style produces indifferent drawings. And nobody would be so bold as to describe either Lettengarver or Grogan as stylists in the school. But their free programmes were, by what seems to be for the immediate moment



RICHARD BUTTON (U.S.A.), THE NEW OLYMPIC MEN'S FIGURE-SKATING CHAMPION

His secret lies in his fine physique no less than in his skating ability and sense of artistry

established standards, very fine. By this I mean their jumping, for there was little else. For these reasons they are not in the same class as Button or Gerschwiler. This jumping craze has captured the minds of the judges and public alike, but it is a phase that will pass, just as the era of spins and nothing but spins passed, and we shall return to the sanity of the well-balanced programmes of Grafström and Schaffer incorporating the stunts which are wonderful to-day but which in a while will be banal.

Ede Kiraly, of Hungary, is a good stylist in the school, but in free he is rough, with unpleasant arm and body positions.

Graham Sharp (Great Britain), a war veteran, staged a come-back. It was a gallant effort by a great skater of a previous decade. The master craftsmanship was there, but youth and the shocking weather prevailed, and he had to be content with 7th place. His competition career, wherein he has eight British Championships, the European and World's of 1939, to his credit, is ended, and the loss of a fine sportsman and skater to competitive affairs will be a gain to the executive side of the sport, when his knowledge, great experience and poise (on and off a skate) will be of great value.

The Ladies' Competition was won by Barbara Ann Scott (Canada). I am in a quandary to give an objective report on her performance because, frankly, I do not think she is yet the great skater the judges (who should know) would have us believe. That she is a very good skater indeed is obvious, or she could not possibly have achieved what she has. But to me there is something lacking both in the school and the free, some warmth or inspiration, I don't know what it is. It seems cold, calculating and all head, which should produce (and by the marks does) a meticulous accuracy. The super-imposition is impeccable, the size of the figures extraordinary for one so *petite*, and this perhaps is the reason for the high marks

awarded by the majority of the judges. It would be unfair to comment on her free skating in this Olympic competition, when, having a good lead in the school figures and in view of the condition of the ice, she took no chances, being content with a display which must have disappointed her many admirers.

The Austrian star, Eva Pawlik's well varied entertaining free, with its clean, high jumps, fast spins and lovely dances, is a joy to watch. I thought, however, that in the figures she lacked that polish one used to see from the celebrated Viennese school.

Jeanette Altwegg (Great Britain) skated extremely fine school figures; in fact her bracket change bracket ranked with Button's loop change loop and Gerschwiler's double three change double three as the best of both competitions. Her adequate free programme at the moment lacks presentation, but that will come with experience and as she becomes more mature. It was only two years ago that she won the N.S.A. junior competition, so that to be placed 3rd in this company is something of which she and her teacher, Armand Perren, may indeed be proud.

The two Czech girls, Jirina Nekolova and Alena Vrzonova, the latter a pupil of Arnold Gerschwiler at Richmond, covered themselves with glory both in the compulsory figures and in their brilliantly skated programmes. They were 4th and 5th. Yvonne Sherman (U.S.A.), 6th, has a great future. Bridget Shirley Adams, a pupil of Jacques Gerschwiler (Great Britain), 7th, was very sound in both branches. The two attractive skaters from the U.S.A., Gretchen Merrill and Eileen Seigh, who were 8th and 11th respectively, spoiled their chances by heavy falls, but both Marion Davies and Jill Hood Linzee (Great Britain) skated well. They are taught by Gladys Hogg at Queen's.

The pairs competition took place in a blizzard on ice that had been almost destroyed by a hockey match. What is usually the most attractive of these meetings was spoiled by this combination of circumstances, making it almost impossible for any of them to do themselves justice. Micheline Lannoy and Pierre Baugnie (Belgium), holders of the World title, won with a good margin of points from Kekesy and Kiraly (Hungary), with Suzanne Morrow and Wallace Diestelmeyer (Canada), perhaps the best drilled pair ever seen, 3rd. Sherman and Swenning (U.S.A.) were 4th, the Silverthornes (Great Britain) 5th, with the Kennedys (U.S.A.) 6th. All the above are first-rate pairs, but in such appalling conditions as prevailed that morning it would be wrong to give any comment except that only fine skaters, very fit and well trained, could have finished at all.

MOTORING NOTES

TRENDS IN DESIGN By J. EASON GIBSON

At the present moment thirty-five makes of British cars are available, but in this total there are no fewer than ninety-eight different models. It is but fair to point out that in many cases the variation between a manufacturer's different models is extremely slight; the basic design and even the body lines—and thus the dies for manufacture—are often identical. The most noticeable feature of the immediate post-war period has been the change-over to independent suspension on the vast majority of British cars now being built, and the increasing popularity of overhead operation of the valves in preference to the type known as side-by-side valves. More recently, an increasing number of manufacturers are showing interest in the method of operating the gear-changing mechanism from a control fitted on the steering column.

Before the war twenty-one manufacturers relied on the old-style carriage-type springing, despite the fact that practically all manufacturers in the U.S.A. and on the Continent had already been utilising independent suspension for some years. To-day only eight out of the thirty-five makers still use the old type of suspension. Among those who have given up the use of side-by-side valves is the Austin Company, who had, prior to the war, retained this system long after the general trend was towards overhead operation.

The conditions governing motoring in this country have had a great effect on the general trend of design until the war. The attitude of one government after another has been to regard motorists as a class apart, and the standard of legislation, both as regards roads and taxation, ever since the turn of the century, can best be described as repressive. As the roads were, in the main, completely unfit for high speeds, and the drivers were invariably hedged in by restrictions, the manufacturers were never forced, by popular demand, to provide efficient cars capable of high speeds over long distances with accuracy and safety. The handful of enthusiastic motorists who had enjoyed driving fast and stable Continental cars, at the high speeds encouraged on the Continent, were voices crying in the wilderness. In the U.S.A. the habitual covering of great mileages produced large comfortable cars, with, owing to the method of taxation and the low price ruling for petrol, engines of great power. Owing also to the higher income level in the U.S.A., the car was soon regarded as the normal means of transport for all, and the term "pleasure motorist" is quite unknown among Americans. It is true that most American cars, when imported into Britain, suffered on our rather twisty roads from a degree of instability, and the excessive use of ornamentation did not appeal to most British eyes.

The post-war necessity to export has been the driving force that has compelled most manu-

facturers to feature independent suspension, as few foreign buyers will now consider a car lacking in this feature. It is unfortunately true that not all the independent suspension systems fitted to cars since the war have justified their inclusion by increased stability and accuracy, having in some cases been fitted merely as a selling point, without the required care in design having been expended. Following the change to independent suspension has been the tendency to mount the engine farther and farther forward, in an effort to locate the passenger load more centrally, bring the rear passengers well in front of the rear axle, and also increase the luggage space without increasing the overhang to any serious extent. This forward move could take place only on a car employing independent suspension, as the axle beam would prevent the forward movement of the engine. It will be observed that, in those cars still employing the older type of suspension, the rear passengers are sitting over the rear axle, with consequent reduction in riding comfort.

The use of overhead valves makes it possible for the engine to produce greater power, so that for a given weight of car the performance can be stepped up quite considerably. For those manufacturers primarily interested in the export market this aspect is of great importance, as it is necessary to have a power/weight ratio at least comparable to both the Continental car and the car from the U.S.A. Reduction in weight is another method of achieving the same result, and is, in any case, vital from another point of view; that of price. On cars of similar quality, the selling price can be stated to be in direct proportion to the weight of metal used in its manufacture.

The third feature, initiated in the U.S.A., is the use of the steering column mounted gear-control lever. This has the advantage of leaving the front floor completely clear of obstructions, and in cases where a bench type of front seat is used three passengers can be comfortably accommodated abreast. At its best this method of operation provides finger-light control, with reduction in driving fatigue. To obtain the fullest advantage from this system it is necessary for the gearbox to be mounted in such a



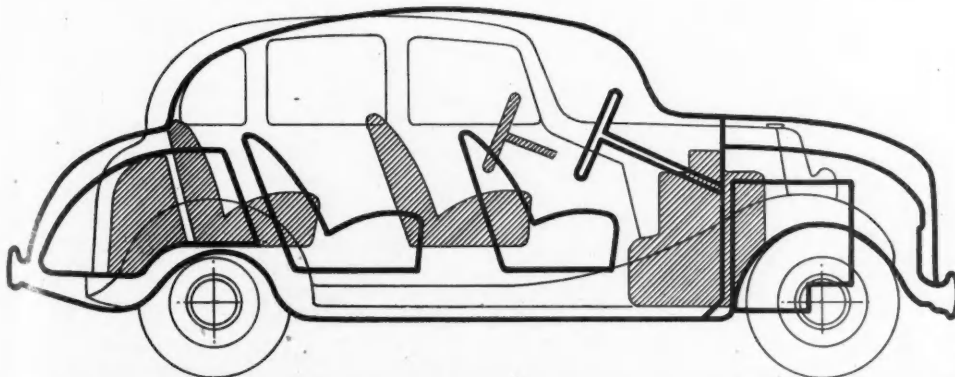
A FLOOR FREE FROM OBSTRUCTIONS, AND ALMOST FLAT, OBTAINED BY USING A GEAR LEVER MOUNTED ON THE STEERING COLUMN

position that the floor can be completely flat. A possible disadvantage is that, unless the relative positions of the gearbox and the steering column control are carefully chosen, a complicated linkage system will be required. This, unless very well lubricated, will produce heavy operation, and the risk of excessive wear in the linkage eventually.

The increasing popularity of heating and air-conditioning installations has greatly increased the comfort of the car of to-day, and it seems difficult to understand why we put up for so long with cars that forced passengers to wear heavy coats and scarves. One or two of the heating systems now being fitted appear to heat and circulate the already stale air lying around the front compartment, but at its best this new feature is a well worthwhile improvement. A new item of equipment coming into use is the self-parking windscreen wiper, which is put in or out of operation by a press-button on the dashboard or other convenient place. It is of interest to note that, as well as being an improvement, this system is also cheaper to produce. In my opinion this is a great advance over the old type of wiper, which had first to be unparked, and then switched on, by a most awkward wrist action.

One much-publicised feature of the modern car is not as beneficial as would at first appear. I refer to the so-called body-contour seating, which, in some cases, has been designed after consultation with medical authorities apparently lacking in real motoring knowledge. Certain cars I have tried with this style of seating certainly provide a most comfortable armchair for static conditions, but it is of little use to the driver over extended distances, owing to the unnecessary width of the seat back seriously impeding his arm movements; this might easily be of vital importance in an emergency. Unnecessary width in the actual seat is equally bad, as it permits the driver to slide about laterally on corners, with consequent reduction in the accuracy of his driving.

In pre-war days the accusation was sometimes levelled at the industry that they were more interested in improvements to window blind and ashtrays than in constructive design. There was, in my opinion, a certain amount of truth in this, as most people with a knowledge of Continental cars prior to the war will agree, but it is very far from the truth to-day. Practically without exception the manufacturers of to-day have realised that their only worth while policy is to be as advanced as possible in their thoughts and design, and there can be little doubt that the cars of the British industry are better now than ever before in their long history.



THE HEAVY OUTLINES SHOW THAT BY USING INDEPENDENT FRONT SUSPENSION THE ENGINE AND SEATS CAN ALL BE MOVED FORWARD, AND THE LUGGAGE SPACE INCREASED. The shaded masses indicate how, with a normal axle beam, it is necessary to place the rear seat directly above the axle

SOUNDS PLEASANT AND UNPLEASANT

A Golf Commentary by BERNARD DARWIN

ON one day of the Open Championship of 1946 at St. Andrews, I sat on the balcony of the club-house with a microphone and the illustrious Mr. Stewart Macpherson. I was about to attempt some remarks about the play, but, before my turn came, something far more dramatic was to be broadcast to the listening earth, namely the sound of the drives as they were struck from the first tee almost immediately below us. Crack! went the two balls, one after the other, and Mr. Macpherson eloquently descanted on the splendour of the shots as they sped on their way towards the burn. I have wondered since how well the listeners heard that exciting ring of a ball struck perfectly clean and whether it helped to bring the scene before their eyes.

It certainly is one of the most characteristic and unmistakable of sounds. Nearly every walk of life has its sounds with which we are on terms of intimate affection. That of the whetting of a scythe is one of the most delightful that the country has to offer, full of all sorts of hot, drowsy buzzings and "the live murmur of a summer's day." Another, not now so common, is that of a well wheel. I was lucky in being brought up in a garden where there was a well reputed to be 365 feet deep. The dropping of a stone into its dark cavern and the waiting for the splash was enthralling, but better still was the creaking sound of the ascending bucket until at last it reached the top and burst open the two protecting gates with a triumphant bang.

Golf has plenty of such loved and familiar sounds, but I am afraid that of the stricken ball cannot quite compete with its rival at cricket. There is something richer and rounder about the voice of the cricket ball; it is still more distinctive and less like any other in the world. It happened to me last summer to be sitting alone and pleasantly somnolent in a Hampshire garden when there fell quite clearly on my ears the message that somebody had, in W.G.'s words, "put the bat against the ball." It was but a solitary note and was not repeated, and when later on I told my hosts, they would have none of it; the village eleven had not, they said, a match that day, and I must have dreamed it. Politeness forbade further argument, but I was not convinced, and in the end I turned out to be right: there had been a "pick up" game, and the sound of a particularly lusty blow must have reached me where I dozed in the sunshine.

I doubt if a golf ball's note could be quite so unmistakable as that, but it has many and varied charms. I must not be deemed too confirmed a praiser of the past if I assert that the gutty made a still finer noise than does the rubber-core. "Crack after crack rings cleanly out as every ounce of youthful muscle is thrown into the blow"; that was written of the dear departed gutty, but I must confess that as far as the full drive is concerned the modern ball makes a loud and cheerful sound enough.

There are certain players whose shots, borne to us down the breeze, are as pistol shots. It was rather with the iron club that the gutty was superior. An iron shot, struck perfectly true, "smote on the shivering air" with astonishing clarity and so did a putt well struck with the cleek. No matter what the ball or the club, a putt hit perfectly clean tells its own story, but, perhaps because I could once use such a weapon rather well, I have a weakness for a gutty struck with a lofted putting cleek. It was the most tell-tale instrument; the bad putt sounded as dead and ugly as the good putt sounded silvery clear.

Steel shafts have added their own tones to the game. I think, though one has now grown utterly accustomed to it, that steel makes a swishing sound through the air that the wooden shaft could not quite emulate. And there is certainly a metallic resonance all its own belonging to a bag full of steel. It is almost painfully noticeable when a small caddie who has dawdled behind is bidden by his irate master to

keep up. The clubs jolt, clanging together as the wretched urchin stumbles along, sometimes to fall prostrate on his face with a mighty crash. Incidentally the steel shaft of a shooting-stick on a windy day can produce what Stevenson would have called "an infinite melancholy piping," an airy music sometimes hard to trace to its source. That reminds me again of the flapping of mackintoshes in the wind, a sound eminently characteristic of golfing crowds. I remember one such infuriating garment which I still, in the secret recesses of my heart, believe to have lost me a particular nineteenth hole. It is a shameful admission, for I ought either to have put it out of my head or begged the owner of the mackintosh not to flap; but the ghost of it will haunt me when I reflect on matches that were lost "but hadn't ought to be."

Golfing crowds are for the most part silent ones, and therefore not so productive of characteristic sounds as those at other games. These can sometimes be truly eloquent. I was listening the other day to the broadcast account of the Wales v. Scotland Rugby international at Cardiff. Mr. Tamplin, the famous kicker of goals, was going to try to convert a try gained by the corner flag, and the commentator left the crowd to tell the story for him. A mighty roar foretold a goal, and then came a moan of disappointment. Clearly fate had intervened at the last moment, and in fact the malignant ball had hit the cross-bar. Any Scottish reader may forgive me for adding with some complacency that my heart was not broken, for already the

match was comfortably won. A golfing crowd cannot tell a story quite so excitingly or certainly as that, but there is now and then a war-whoop of joy which announces a pitch laid dead or a groan not to be mistaken over the crucial putt that has just missed its mark.

Golf has certain words which are palpably onomatopoeic, indicating the sound of an unsuccessful shot. "Sclaff" is one of these, a heavy, ugly word suggesting too large a divot excised and a ball falling with a thud into the bunker. "Grumph," a word invented, I believe, by the late Guy Ellis, conveys the same tale of woe. *The Golfer's Manual* of 1857, lately reprinted, of which I was writing the other day, has in its glossary a verb "to scruff," which is now obsolete or at any rate obsolescent. It suggests very well a nasty, unclean stroke, and I must try to incorporate it in my vocabulary.

Finally there are watery sounds having some golfing significance. I suppose the splash of a ball into a river is really as was "a primrose by a river's brim" to Peter Bell; that is to say it is a splash and nothing more. And yet it is a horrid noise when it is that of our own ball, and at least a tolerably melodious one when the ball is our enemy's. Nowhere did it sound more hopeless and fatal than at Pau, where a ball in the swiftly rushing river was gone past recall, and the little French caddies shouted, "A Bayonne!" A ball splashing into merely casual water arouses no such sentiments one way or the other. I would almost swear it had a different and a duller sound.

THE NATIONAL HUNT STEEPLECHASE

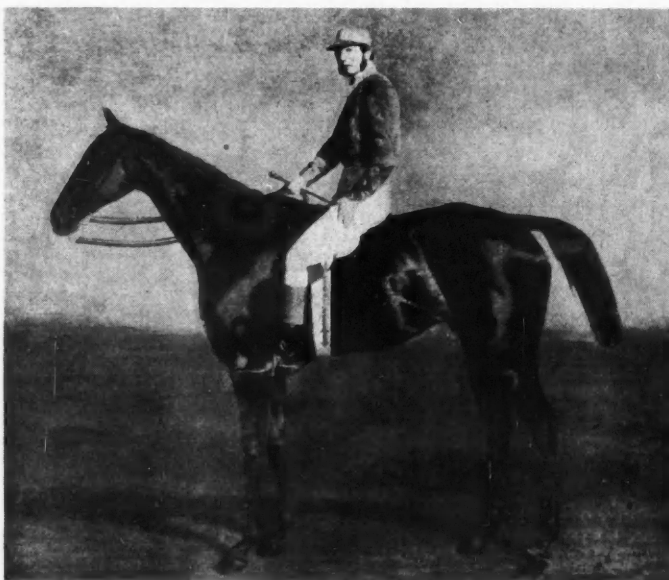
EXTRAORDINARY though it may seem, many important racing events have had their origin in the bars of hosteleries. In such circumstances the foundations of the Grand National Steeplechase at Aintree, the Waterloo Cup at Ascot, and the National Hunt Steeplechase—the 1948 edition of which is to take place at Cheltenham next week—were laid. Moreover it is interesting to recall that the Oaks was named after a one-time beer house near Epsom, and that the Doncaster St. Leger came into being as the result of an after-dinner discussion over the port.

Nearly a hundred years ago there were as many racing personalities in Cheltenham as there are to-day. Nominal chairman of them was Monmouthshire-born Dr. Fothergill Rowlands, who had relinquished his position of medical

officer to the Nantyglo iron-works because it interfered with his activities as an amateur rider, in which sphere he made his name by his handling of Medora at Aintree. Ably assisting him was his gardener, Jack Jones, who won the Grand National on Shifnal and later became the father of Herbert Jones, who carried the Royal colours to victory on Diamond Jubilee in the 2,000 Guineas, Derby and St. Leger of 1900, and on Minoru in the "Guineas" and Derby nine years later.

The members included Dr. Rowlands's son, Cecil Raleigh, who was responsible for the production of *The Prodigal Daughter* and *The Whip* at Drury Lane; Fred Archer's father, William Archer, who was mine host at the King's Arms in Prestbury, and who rode Little Charley to victory in the Grand National of 1858; Tom Oliver, who holds the record of having ridden in nineteen Nationals, of which he won three and was placed in four others; Sir John Astley; Bob Chapman, the horse-dealer; 'Arry' Umphreys, the founder of the Horse Repository in Winchester Street; Reggie Herbert from Monmouthshire; and, as likely as not, Jack Goodwin, who was as successful in the show-ring as he had been upon the racecourse.

At the gatherings of such a coterie—which usually took place either at the Plough Hotel in the High Street or at the King's Arms in Prestbury—it was only natural that the main topic of conversation should be horses, with particular reference to racing over fences. So it came about that at one



BRIDEGROOM, winner of the first official National Hunt 'Chase in 1860, and runner-up to Huntsman in the Grand National of 1862

of these reunions, Dr. Rowlands, known to his friends as "Fog," conceived the idea of inaugurating a steeplechase confined to bona-fide hunters in the hope that it would encourage farmers to breed better horses.

Evidently the idea caught on, for in 1859, as an experimental venture, the first National Hunt 'Chase was run at Market Harborough with £250 added money guaranteed by Dr. Rowlands and his friends, assisted by the Vale of the White Horse and the Old Berkeley—then Lord Dacre's—Hunts.

This was an unofficial event, but in 1860, again at Market Harborough, it was recognised, and the conditions for it read:—"The Grand National Hunt Steeplechase of 10 sovs. each, with 500 sovs. added, for horses that have never won a race before the day of starting. Twelve stone each. Four miles."

Thirty-one runners faced the starter, and it was won by Bridgroom which, two years later, ran-up to Huntsman for the Grand National at Aintree.

The following year a "rift in the lute" resulted in two Grand National Hunt 'Chases being run. The one which took place at Cheltenham and was won by Freshman was not recognised, but that run at Market Harborough went to Queensferry, which like Bridgroom, was ridden by Mr. E. G. Burton. In 1862 the venue was changed to Rugby, but with the foundation of the National Hunt Committee a return was made to Market Harborough, where Mr. Alec Goodman steered Lord Calthorp's

fourteen-year-old hunter, Socks, to victory in front of four others.

From then until the early days of the present century, the race was held at almost every steeplechase course then in existence, from Bedford, Burton and Bristol—where H.R.H. the Prince of Wales (later King Edward VII) saw Pickles beat Cardigan by a head in 1873, to Lincoln, Liverpool, Melton, Malton, and Newmarket—at which resort the French-bred horse Nord Quest was successful. Owned by Vicomte de Buisseret and ridden by M. Morand, Nord Quest is the only horse in the history of the race to take the spoils across the Channel, just as Why Not, which gave Mr. C. J. Cunningham a winning ride at Malton in 1886, holds the record of being the only winner to go on to win the Grand National at Aintree, which, with Arthur Nightingall up, he did in 1894.

The National Hunt 'Chase was run more or less alternately at Cheltenham and Warwick in the early days of the present century until, in 1911, Cheltenham became its permanent home.

The lack of success of National Hunt winners at Aintree has often been commented upon. Looked at superficially it may occasion surprise, but when it is remembered that the National Hunt is confined to horses that have never won a race up to the time of their entry, and that the Aintree event attracts the world's best 'chasers, it is understandable. With the riders it is very different. As related, Mr. E. G. Burton won the first two races on Bridgroom and Queensferry. After Mr. Alec Goodman

had scored on Socks he went on to win on Emperor and Mr. Studd's Shangarry at Crewkerne. A great amateur-rider who, before his successes in the National Hunt 'Chase, had a Grand National victory on Miss Mowbray to his credit, he rode and won the big Aintree event of 1866 on Salamander, at the age of forty-six. Like Shangarry, Salamander belonged to Mr. E. Studd, an indigo-planter, who is reputed to have won over £40,000 through its success and at his death left a small fortune to the Moody and Sankey cult of religious revivalists.

Captain "Doggie" Smith, so named because he was never seen without a member of the canine race at his heels, was the successful rider of Game Chicken, Daybreak, Lucellum and New Glasgow, and then a halt is called at the name of Mr. E. P. Wilson.

Though seldom given credit as such, Ted Wilson was probably the greatest amateur steeplechase jockey of all time. He was born in Warwickshire in 1846, and rode to hounds—strapped to the saddle—at the age of four. He had eleven mounts in the National Hunt, and, besides winning on The Bear in 1877, was successful on Pride of Prussia, Llantarnam, Satellite and Equity in the years 1881-84, in addition to which he was second on Golden Cross in 1879, and third on Tom in 1870, and Boyne Water in 1876.

At Aintree he had seventeen rides, and, besides being second on Congress to Regal, in 1876, he won on Voluntary in 1884 and Roquefort the following year. ROYSTON.

OUR BEAR ADVENTURE By CAPT. T. KERR RITCHIE

IN northern British Columbia all bears become very bold and impertinent if they are not molested. They revel in pork, and if once they get the smell of pig or bacon they will take all sorts of risks to steal it. Quite frequently they attach themselves to a camp in the woods and come at regular intervals to feed from the scraps that are thrown away. If it happens to be a swill bucket they will gorge themselves on its contents. In the beginning they are very amusing, but if too much petted or encouraged they are apt to become a nuisance, and nothing is safe from them. Then they have to be killed, since, when full-grown, they cannot be tamed or driven away.

At a surveyor's camp by the headwaters

OLD MAN RESTING

*HE hears the clock-ticks measuring frugally
The days left to him; sees the sand-grains run.
Then, happily recalls some boyhood-prank;
His blue eyes squint, as if from too much sun,
While Memory shakes each old and fragile rafter
Of his heart's house with brief, remembered
laughter!*

PAULINE HAVARD.



BLACK BEARS IN BRITISH COLUMBIA

of the Skeena River we were bothered by a black bear which made a point of being on hand between four and five every afternoon. After a few days he began to give no end of trouble, and the cook was kept constantly on the run chasing him away from the stores.

One day the climax came when Bruin ran off with a huge slab of salt bacon under his arm, and Cookie, in hot pursuit with a soup ladle, tripped over a fallen log and sprained his ankle. In solemn conclave that evening it was decided that the black bear must die; but the trouble was that we had run out of ammunition, and how the deed was to be accomplished was a puzzle. Finally, some bright mind conceived the idea of hanging him. The plan was that the swill pail would be placed under a tree, over the boughs of which would be thrown a rope with a running noose made at the end, all arranged so that when the bear stopped to investigate the contents of the swill pail he would put his head in the noose. When this happened five of us hidden behind a tent with the other end of the rope were to haul him up.

Now, if there had been anybody in the camp who really knew something about bears, such a mad scheme would have been promptly

vetoed and a proper rope snare, such as is used by trappers, set instead. It would have been pointed out that, even if we succeeded in getting the noose tight, we could never manage to hoist a great fat bear, as that one happened to be, clear off the ground unless the rope was run through a block with suitable tackle.

The only cordage available was a coil of about a hundred fathoms of rope which the head surveyor refused to allow to be cut, since it was wanted to haul our canoes farther up stream on our next move.

Sunday came round, and the stage was set for the show, with much argument and patient endeavour. The bear was a most accommodating animal. He not only came round for five o'clock tea, but sneakily peered under the flaps of several tents and sniffed the wood-pile by the cook's fire. Finally, he approached the swill bucket, while we crouched breathlessly with the slack of the rope in the undergrowth by the bank of a near-by creek. Calmly lapping up the mess, into which we had emptied a tin

of honey, he wriggled the loop slowly over his enormous ears. Then the fun began.

No sooner did the bear feel the pull of the rope than he made a violent rush to get away, and we who were doing the pulling went flying in all directions, everyone letting go his hold. I found myself straddling the ridge pole of a tent, and the head surveyor took a mighty plunge right into his own rubber bathtub, which he had carefully filled and prepared some minutes before.

By all the rules of the game the bear ought to have got clean away. But in all sport it is ever the unexpected that happens. The rope was so long that the end had been carefully coiled over a tree stump. There was just enough to allow the bear to get well into his stride in full career when the end of the rope caught itself miraculously round the stump.

Bruin was brought up with such a terrific jerk that he went high up into the air and came down with a dull thud on his back. His neck was broken. . .

CORRESPONDENCE

ON HAUNTED
GROUND?

SIR—Apropos of the strange experiences related by Mr. F. H. Grise-wood in *Two Strange Stories* (December 26, 1947) and by Mr. W. Kersley Holmes in *The Inexplicable* (February 13), some years ago, when staying in the country in Co. Down, N. Ireland, a friend and I decided to take a long easy walk to the top of a not very high hill some miles away. It was a lovely summer morning and we walked in leisurely fashion and happily.

In climbing up a rather desolate place we decided to go through a little wood not much bigger than what in Lancashire is called an oval. When we reached it we found that the ground dipped down and was much of a tangle but quite passable. As soon as I entered the wood I felt terrified, but greater than my terror was a sensation of utter woe and depression, difficult to describe in its intensity. We did not speak to each other, but as soon as we were out in the open again we both more or less collapsed and lay on the ground. My friend had had the same sensation and experience.

The only other similar circumstance I have come across was experienced by my sister and brother-in-law when taking a short cut over the Caife Heights, in the Lake District, where they experienced much the same sensation of fear and great depression. In H. S. Cowper's book on Hawkshead this district is said to be haunted.—MAY TOBIN, *Belfast, N. Ireland.*

STARLING INTO
WOODCOCK

SIR,—In *A Countryman's Notes* of February 13 Major Jarvis says he wonders what starlings are called after a chef has dealt with them. One effort that came to my notice on a hotel menu when delicacies were scarce during the war was *cog du bois*. To some guests, whose knowledge of French is limited to that of a hotel menu, where "things are seldom what they seem," it possibly succeeded in suggesting woodcock, but the manager told me privately it had looked uncommonly like a starling. Anyway, the chef deserved high marks.—RALPH S. ELLIS, *Oxford, Surrey.*

EXMOOR PONIES FOR
HOLLAND

SIR,—I thought you might care to see the enclosed photograph of a herd of five Exmoor ponies (four moorland-bred fillies and one pure-bred colt) which were recently shipped from London Bridge to Rotterdam, for the Northern Holland Zoo. It is hoped to establish the breed (which has been in danger of extinction) in the Dierenpark at Emmen.

There has been a good deal of discussion about the origin of the Exmoor pony, which has much in common with the Przewalskii—the wild horse once thought to be an ass. It has been said that relationship with the Przewalskii cannot be proved and that it is more likely that a Norwegian cross gave the Exmoor its mealy nose.

Those who count the wild horse as the Exmoor pony's next of kin gained a supporter among the crowd of dock hands who gave the ponies a rousing send-off from London. One of the men who helped to load them said: "If you stuck long ears on 'em, they'd be just like donkeys."—MARY G. ETHERINGTON, *Hawkrigde, Dulverton, Somerset.*



ST. NICHOLAS ABBEY, A PRE-GEORGIAN HOUSE IN BARBADOS

See letter: *Architecture in the British West Indies*ARCHITECTURE IN THE
BRITISH WEST INDIES

SIR,—With reference to Mr. Acworth's recent article on Georgian architecture in the British West Indies, your readers may be interested in the enclosed photograph of a pre-Georgian house in Barbados. This house is St. Nicholas Abbey, though how it acquired saint and abbey I do not know, for it was originally plain Nicholas, so named after an owner in the very early years of the 18th century. Mr. Thomas T. Waterman, of Washington, D.C., the authority on early colonial architecture in America, dates the house at about 1650, and says that Nicholas and Drax Hall, another Barbados house, "are the finest British Colonial dwellings of the period in America."—C. J. P. CAVE, *Petersfield, Hampshire.*

HUMMING-BIRD MOTH
ABOUT IN JANUARY

SIR,—You may be interested to hear that I saw a humming-bird hawk-moth here on January 25. It was sunny at the time, and the moth was apparently trying to feed on winter jasmine in flower on a south-east wall.

It was not as active as usual.—M. PARRINGTON, *Sherbourne Mill, Lawford, Manningtree, Essex.*

[Though humming-bird hawk-moths apparently cannot survive the whole winter in this country, they have been recorded as active in houses until at least the end of January. That one should be out in the open in late January, however, is distinctly unusual and probably attributable, like the appearance of the red admiral reported in our issue of last week, to abnormally mild weather.—Ed.]

SIAMESE TWIN TREES

SIR,—With reference to your recent letter and photograph about beech trees at Milton Damerel, Devon, joined by the growing together of two of their branches, it is a peculiarity of beech trees that quite often they have re-entrant branches which, springing from one point in the trunk, will re-enter it or another branch farther up or down; the bark grows over, making it almost impossible, after a time, to tell which was the springing and which the re-entry.

Four years ago, when I was staying near Andover, I noticed five such instances in the fine avenue of

beech trees that forms the approach to Red Rice near Abbots Ann. In some cases, the branches re-entered their own trees, but some formed connections to the adjacent trees, as in your photograph.

At Watersmeet, North Devon, there is a beech tree which has three re-entrant branches.—EDWARD H. PINTO, 11, *Somers Mews, Hyde Park, London, W.2.*

PLAN TO HELP OWNERS
OF SMALL WOODLANDS

SIR,—I have read with great interest Mr. Bruce Urquhart's article *Co-operation in Forestry*, in your issue of February 6, and it occurs to me that your readers may be interested to know that there is in existence a forestry section of The Federated Home Timber Associations, which represents home-grown timber merchants in England and Wales.

The section, which was formed last year, already comprises some 60 timber merchants, whose intention it is to provide the smaller landowner with a planting and, if desired, an after-care service. The work is carried out by contract, either under the supervision of a consultant forester or by members' own foresters, and, although at the moment only a small percentage of the members are able to offer a planting service, the scheme is already in operation in several counties in England. When it is fully developed, however, it is hoped to provide a planting service which will embrace every county in England and Wales.—H. W. MOULTON, Chairman, The Federated Home Timber Associations, 69, *Cannon Street, London, E.C.4.*

FROM A MUZZLE-LOADING
GUN

SIR,—The "whistle-like" object you illustrated in your issue of February 13 is the ramrod pipe from the fore-end of a muzzle-loading gun. It was attached to the fore-end by a pin through the hole C and a small screw through the hole B. The marks A-A were made by the gunsmith on the various parts of the gun to assist him when assembling the whole. The cut away portion on the upper surface is slightly unusual.—ROBERT J. RABETT, *Bank House, Buckinghamshire.*

TWIN RAINBOWS

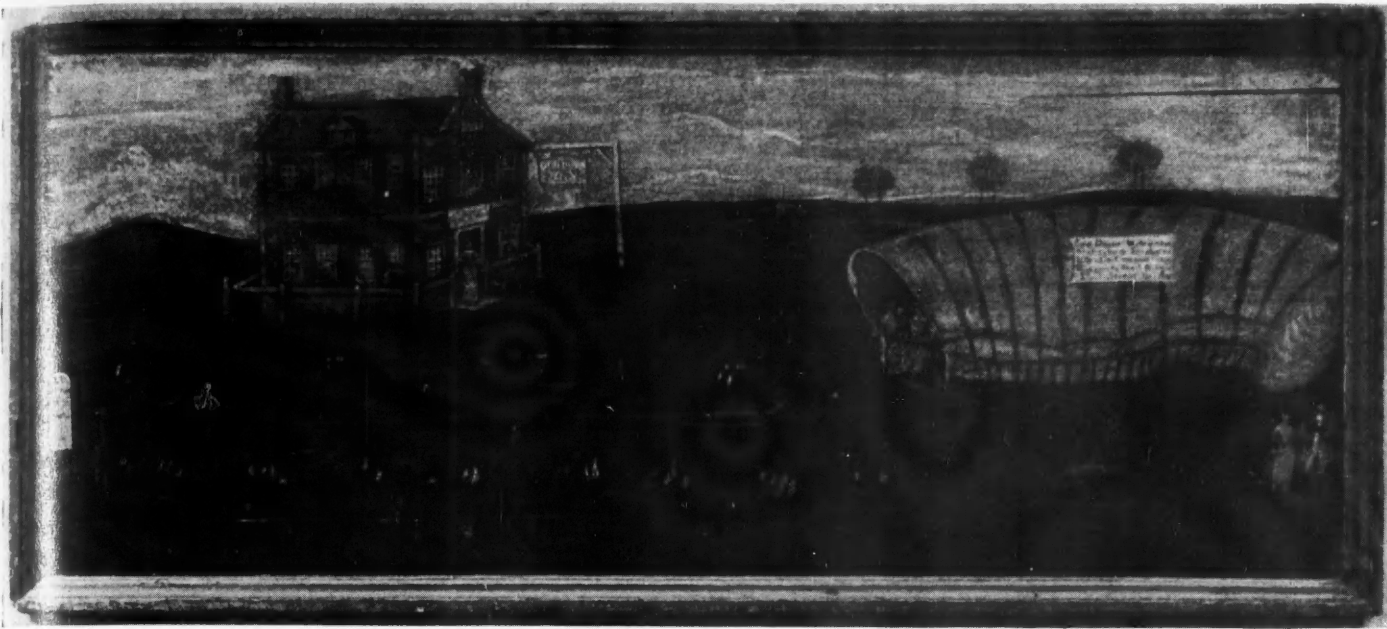
SIR,—With reference to your recent correspondence about intersecting rainbows, some years ago at 5.20 p.m. in the third week of September, I was walking eastwards from Stromness in the Orkneys along the south shore of Loch Stennes. There was a heavy snow squall at the time and as the sky cleared the sun came out behind me and two rainbows formed on the flat ground in front beyond the end of the loch and between me and the Maeshowe. They were quite small, side by side, and so close together that the lower part of one bow overlapped the adjacent part of the other.

I put the problem to the late Dr. Sheldford Bidwell, F.R.S., who said he could not explain what I had seen unless I could provide two sources of light. A subsequent examination of the map showed that the eastern end of Loch Stennes is overlapped by the southern end of Loch Harray, and these two lochs, which are separated by the very narrow causeway known as The Bridge of Brogar, are at different levels. The rainbows I had seen were formed not by the sun but by the reflection of it in the lochs, and as their waters stood at different levels



A HERD OF EXMOOR PONIES RECENTLY SHIPPED TO HOLLAND

See letter: *Exmoor Ponies for Holland*



AN 18th-CENTURY COACHING SIGN PRESERVED AT BRISTOL

See letter: An Old Coaching Sign

two sources of light were available which produced the two bows.

A few years ago a similar phenomenon was described in a letter to *The Times* as having been observed in Canada. I subsequently ascertained that there also were two overlapping sheets of water which probably explained the occurrence, which took place when the sun was low in the heavens. More recently I have heard of two rainbows being seen in the Welsh mountains and obviously caused by the reflection of a low sun in two neighbouring reservoirs at different levels.—ERIC GARDNER, *Montana Hall, Montana, Switzerland.*

AN OLD COACHING SIGN

SIR,—You may care to reproduce the enclosed photograph of a coaching sign dated 1769 preserved in the art gallery at Bristol. It depicts a carrier's wagon and team of eight horses at Old Down Inn, 15 miles from

Bristol on the road to Shepton Mallet.

The inscription on the coach reads "John Deane, Wincanton, Shaftesbury, Sherborne, Bruton. Common Stage Wagon to the 3 Kings, Thomas Street, Bristol."—R. W., *Bristol.*

FATHER THAMES AT HAM HOUSE

SIR,—The first illustration in the interesting article on Ham House in your issue of January 30 shows the Jacobean north front, and there is a large recumbent figure on a pedestal in the foreground. This is a reproduction of the original bronze group at the entrance to Somerset House, erected at the time when Somerset House was the home of the first Royal Academy under Sir Joshua Reynolds. The figure is that of Father Thames, by John Bacon, R.A., and the reproduction is in Coade stone, in which Bacon had a commercial interest. There is another reproduction of the same work in Richmond Park.

It is some years ago now since I pointed this out to the late Lord Dysart at one of his Sunday afternoon tea parties at Ham House.—JOHN M. BACON, *Leinster Court Hotel, Leinster Gardens, W.2.*

BRASS INTO WEATHERCOCK

SIR,—Apropos of the article by Margaret Martyn on English Monumental Brasses (January 16), who can estimate the frightful devastation and permanent loss which occurred before such memorials came to be valued and preserved? Out of the former hundreds of brasses mentioned in early MSS. there are now, I believe, only six surviving in York Minster, and to make up that number one has to include the mutilated item shown in the enclosed photograph.

It seems that my namesake John Moore went round and round as a weathercock on top of York Minster from 1666 until the turret was demolished in the year 1803 and the old vane stored away. Much later, the separate parts of the cock were found

to make up an early brass as shown in the photograph.

Many base uses must have been found for brass looted from the churches in the 17th and 18th centuries, but that of John Moore was at any rate employed on Minster business.—D. GWYHER MOORE, *Carr Villa, Carr Lane, Yorkshire.*

18th-CENTURY ROUND HOUSE

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of the quaint round house at Castle Cary, Somerset, which takes the form of a single cell 7 ft. wide surmounted by a roof in the shape of a policeman's helmet. It was erected in the year 1779 with money from a benefaction left to be spent on "gifts to the poor of the parish." Whether or not the poor of the parish appreciated this "gift" is not recorded, but it is on record that up to 1785 it was used to imprison children who played truant from school.—R. DIXON, *Beaulieu, Highmore Road, Sherborne, Dorset.*

WORLD-WIDE VAGABONDS

SIR,—Not long ago, when flying home from Malaya, I was reminded of the ubiquitous nature of the common magpie.

We had come down for the night in the arid frying-pan of western Iraq. Admittedly, R.A.F. ingenuity had done much to alleviate the frying process by skilful irrigation of the mess garden and by garnishing its precincts with eucalyptus trees and tamarisk. But to me it still seemed a queer resort in which any bird should tarry.

I found the heat of my bedroom more conducive to asphyxiation than to slumber, and my bed was soon re-erected outside on the lawn. Next morning I awoke to the cooing of a myriad little doves which hovered everywhere in the tamarisks. But when I lifted the mosquito net I was startled by the harsh clatter of half a dozen magpies that had stealthily surrounded my bed, and now flew off with the further coarse comments of our familiar country vagabond.

That reminded me too that the last magpies I had seen were on the Burma-China border north of Lashio. In fact, when I disturbed them on the

Burma side of the Shweli River they showed a characteristic disregard of regulations by filtering across to the China bank with their usual evasive and unbalanced flight. If not Chinese bandits, they were certainly Burmese dacoits. But they and their Arabian brethren seemed not a whit different from the magpies which followed the B.L.A. across Europe—or from the handsome varlet that regularly removes the tit-bits from my chicken-run to-day.—J. J. D. GROVES, *Pooks Hill, Crowborough, Sussex.*

MORE LIGHT—FASTER GROWTH

SIR,—COUNTRY LIFE of December 12 has just reached me on its way round the family, and in it I notice a letter describing how autumn lambing was

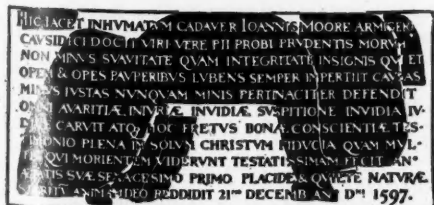


THE OLD LOCK-UP AT CASTLE CARY, SOMERSET, BUILT IN 1779

See letter: 18th-Century Round House

introduced by artificial lighting conditions. It may interest your readers to know that experiments with lighting have been carried out in Canada and the U.S.A., in connection with fur-bearing animals. By artificial alteration of the amount of "daylight" available to adult silver foxes, they have been brought into prime coat condition up to nine weeks earlier than under normal lighting. Foxes normally moult their coats out in May so that the new fur is prime about the end of November; under artificial conditions, this period was considerably reduced.

Similarly, with marten, which normally mate in July and August and litter the following March and April: by artificial lengthening of the hours of "daylight" for female martens mated at the usual time, the period



A 17th-CENTURY BRASS RECONSTRUCTED FROM FRAGMENTS USED TO MAKE A WEATHERCOCK IN THE 17th CENTURY

See letter: Brass Into Weathercock

between mating and littering was reduced by three or four months and the young arrived in December.—J. H. F. STEVENSON, Moreton-hampstead, Devon.

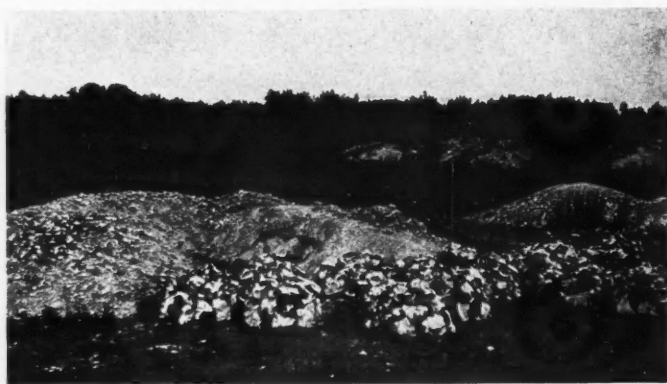
THE KNAPPER'S CRAFT

SIR,—In his article, *Suffolk By-ways*, in your issue of January 23, Mr. Garry Hogg refers to the flint-knapping still carried on at Brandon, and you may care to publish the enclosed photographs which show the mines on Ling Heath where the flint is now dug, and a knapper beginning work by breaking off the outer layer of a flint with his hammer.

It will be a great pity if this ancient craft dies out, but the demand for gun flints at any rate, one imagines, cannot go on much longer.—M. W., Hereford.

A WOOL-MERCHANT'S ENDOWMENT

SIR,—I thought you might care to see the enclosed photograph of a remarkable grave-slab at Bridlington Priory, Yorkshire. It is decorated with coats-of-arms, mermaids and an anchor, and commemorates William Bower (died 1671) and his wife,



THE FLINT MINES NEAR BRANDON, SUFFOLK, AND (right) A KNAPPER AT WORK
See letter: *The Knapper's Craft*



He's Clerk to the living as well as the dead;
Vestry Clerk, Petty Constable; Sells Scissors and Knives,
Best Vinegar and Buckles, and collects the small Tythes,
He's a Treasurer to Clubs; a Maker of Wills.
He surveys Men's Estates, and vends Henderson's Pills;
Woollen Draper and Hosier; sells all sorts of Shoes,
With the best Earthen-ware; also takes in the News;
Deals in Hurdles and Eggs, sells the best of small Beer.
The finest Sea-coals; and Elected Overseer.
He's Deputy Surveyor, sells fine Writing Paper,
Has a Vote for the County, and a Linen Draper;
A Dealer in Cheese, sells fine Hampshire Bacon,
Plays the Fiddle divinely, if I'm not mistaken.
—THOMAS G. SCOTT, 19, Granville Road, Fallowfield, Manchester, 14.

For Brightening Drab Cities.—The W.V.S. and the London Gardens Society are appealing for gifts of plants to distribute to people living in blitzed areas or in settlements of prefabricated houses who are anxious to start a garden. Anyone willing to help should write to the W.V.S., whose scheme covers the whole country, at 41, Tothill Street, S.W.1, or to the London Gardens Society, whose activities are limited to London, at 20, Buckingham Street, Strand, W.C.2.

Song about a Fox.—A Cornish version of the song, *Mr. Fox*, mentioned recently in *COUNTRY LIFE*, is to be sung by Mr. Bernard Fishwick in the B.B.C.'s broadcast of *Songs from Country Magazine* in the West Regional programme at 7 p.m. on March 2.



INCISED SLAB AT BRIDLINGTON PRIORY, YORKSHIRE, COMMEMORATING WILLIAM BOWER, A 17th-CENTURY LOCAL MERCHANT AND HIS WIFE
See letter: *A Wool-merchant's Endowment*

Thomisin. The inscription states that Bower, a local merchant, "did in his lifetime erect at his owne charge in Bridlington a schoole house . . . for maintaining and educating of the poore children of Bridlington and Key (Quay) in the art of carding, knitting and spinning of wooll."

Bower's charity still operates, for, though the specified arts may not be included in the curriculum, it helped materially in the erection of the new

buildings of Bridlington School.—G. B. WOOD, Rawdon, Leeds, Yorkshire.

HUMANE DESTRUCTION OF RATS

SIR,—Major Jarvis, writing in your issue of January 30, is not the only man who thinks that all methods of rat extermination are justifiable, however much suffering they entail. No reasonable person would, of course, deny the necessity for destroying rats, but he would search for humane as well as efficient methods. This is by no means an easy matter, owing to the high intelligence of the rat, but given patience and skill there is no need to rely on the brutal gin trap.

The first necessity is to keep all food sheds rat-proof, but if rats have found an entry, good results may be obtained by traps of the cage type; break-back traps are also useful if properly set.

Most public bodies now rely on poison for destroying rats; zinc phosphide appears to be the most efficient and humane form, and it kills its victims in an hour or two. Major Jarvis is naturally anxious that his domestic animals shall not be endangered by the poisoned bait, but if sheds are closed before the poison is put down, and a careful search is made for any remains before they are reopened, the danger should be negligible.

This Federation will be pleased to send its leaflet *Humane Destruction of Rats and Mice* to anybody who is interested. Applications should be made to: The Secretary, 284, Regent's Park Road, Finchley, London, N.3.—K. RAMSBOTTOM (Mrs.), Hon. Parliamentary Secretary to the Universities' Federation for Animal Welfare, Dunkeld House, Waverley Lane, Farnham, Surrey.

[This letter is referred to in *A Countryman's Notes* on page 419.—Ed.]

A PUZZLING INVITATION

SIR,—The enclosed photograph is of an unusual notice on the wall of the Plough Inn in the Berkshire village of East Hendred. This notice is puzzling until its strange inscription is deciphered, and those of your readers who have not seen it before may derive some amusement from working out its meaning.

It would be interesting to know whether there are examples of this kind of notice elsewhere.—JOAN HANSTOCK, 429, Hastilar Road South, Sheffield, 9.

WIGLEY OF WORCESTER

SIR,—I was interested by the photographs of the "Wigley" jug reproduced in your issue of January 23. Mr. Wigley was M.P. for the City of Worcester and

Recorder of Leicester. He sat in two Parliaments and retired in 1802, having lost his election. He was a descendant of the Wigleys, of Seraptoft in Leicestershire, married Anna Maria, daughter of Charles Watkin Meysey, and took the additional name of Meysey; he died in 1821. It is through the descendants of the Meysey Wigleys that I have become the owner of this house, which was their home.

I own a facsimile of Mr. Bemstone's jug. The Rein Deer, I believe, was an inn at Worcester. The inscriptions on the sides of the jug are: "Liberty Hall. All friends to Freedom" and "All fast friends." I had always thought that the jug was probably made for, and presented to, Mr. Wigley, but it is now proved that there were others like it.

I have also a smaller jug of the same shape, with blue willow pattern, and round the bottom of it is "Wigley Delivery."—SYBIL M. GURNEY (Mrs.), Shakenhurst, Cleobury Mortimer, Shropshire.

A UNIVERSAL PROVIDER

SIR,—The interesting account, in *COUNTRY LIFE* of January 30, of the wares of a country bookseller of 1736, prompts me to send you the enclosed verses, which I came across in *Notes and Queries* for November 28, 1857, recently. They are stated to have been copied from a board over the door of John Grove, grocer, White Waltham, Berkshire.

John Grove, Grocer, and Dealer in Tea,
Sells the finest of Congon, and best of Bohea;
A Dealer in Coppices, and Measurer of Land,
Sells the finest of Snuff, and fine lily-white sand;
A Singer of Psalms, and a Scrivener of Money.
Collects the Land Tax, and sells fine Virgin Honey;
A Ragman, a Carrier, a Baker of Bread;



A NOTICE ON THE WALL OF A BERKSHIRE INN
See letter: *A Puzzling Invitation*

THE SKETCH-BOOK OF A 19th-CENTURY COUNTRY GENTLEMAN

By OLIVER WARNER

JUST over a century ago, a country gentleman walked into Mr. Newman's shop at No. 24, Soho Square, and bought a sketch-book, size $8\frac{1}{2}$ ins. by $5\frac{1}{4}$ ins., with a brass clasp. In the course of the summers of 1846 and 1847 he proceeded to fill it with drawings and water-colours of a delicacy which is as fresh to-day as when he set down his impressions. He would no doubt have been surprised that what gave him such immediate pleasure should have lasted so well, and that his sketch-book is the inseparable companion of an owner born more than thirty years after his death.

The purchaser's name was Burrard; to be more precise, Captain Sir Charles Burrard, Royal Navy, second Baronet of Lymington (1793-1870). He had already seen some twenty years' active service at sea, but was on half pay, and it was on the retired list that he rose to admiral's rank. He had gone to sea when twelve, had seen hard fighting in the Napoleonic wars, had served in the *Victory* herself three years after Nelson's death,



2.—THE SECOND OF CAPTAIN SIR CHARLES BURRARD'S WATER-COLOURS. A study of Wootton Creek, Isle of Wight, notable for its rendering of sky and water

recognisable views of Bayswater through the trees of Kensington Gardens. These were all done in May, 1846.

He then took the Southampton Railway to his own part of the world, the New Forest. He moved thence to the Isle of Wight, making many pencil sketches of shipping, mainly smaller craft.

After one preliminary drawing, he took to water-colour in a foreshore scene, the first of eighteen pictures in this medium, among which there is seldom a bungle and scarcely a failure. His second water-colour, a study of Wootton Creek (Fig. 2), is notable for its rendering of sky and water, while his Minstead Church could stand as the pattern of a small architectural picture of its time.

In 1847 the captain kept mostly to the area of the New Forest. Muddiford, near Christchurch, was a favourite haunt. At that time it still built ships: there are two views which show a sizeable



1.—ENTRANCE TO BURLEY. ONE OF CAPTAIN SIR CHARLES BURRARD'S EIGHTEEN WATER-COLOURS

and had commanded his own ships. His last spell was as flag captain to his cousin, Sir Harry Burrard Neale, under whom, as a boy, he had served as midshipman. His ship was the *Revenge*, and in her he had taken part in a demonstration before Algiers in 1824. Now that he was ashore for good, he could indulge himself in a pursuit that had lightened much tedium afloat. He could draw and paint to his heart's content.

The captain's tastes were wide, though they did not extend to figure-drawing. Trees, ships "landskip," buildings and animals delighted him. With the first three subjects he was always assured, and generally so with the fourth. Although his choice was circumscribed, his eye ever upon the felicitous, he enables us to realise with intimate detail the charm and quietness of parts of this country a century ago. Burrard was alive to change: his drawings of steamships and the new railway at Brockenhurst, Hampshire (Fig. 4), show that; nor was he afraid of attempting a study of action, as a beautiful water-colour of men moving timber proves (Fig. 5). But what he liked was serenity. His work was done in summer, and he turned Mr. Newman's pages into a small enchantment.

Burrard opens the scene with some still

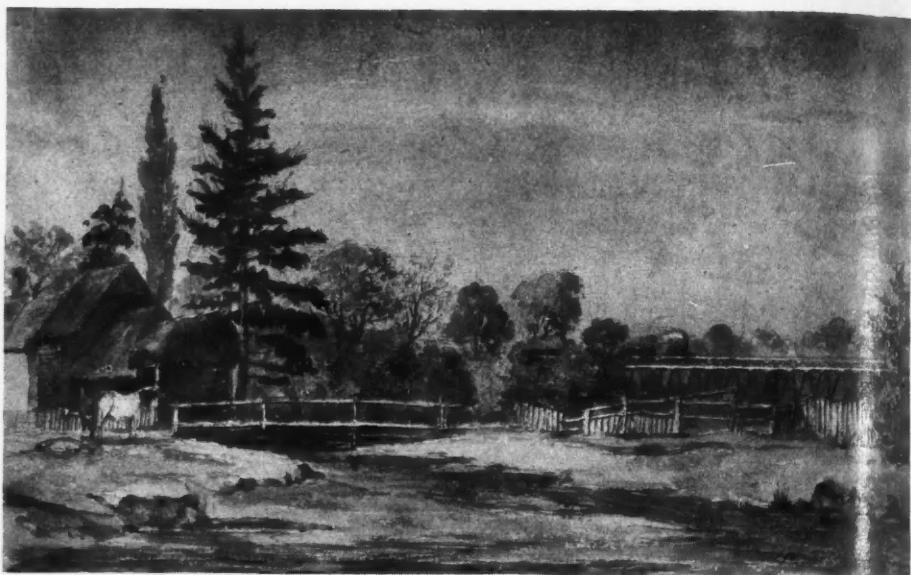


3.—"HE COULD NOT GET THE PROPER PERSPECTIVE IN AN OTHERWISE PLEASANT WATER-COLOUR OF A ROUND-FRONTED HOUSE IN A GARDEN." THE ROUND HOUSE, MUDDIFORD

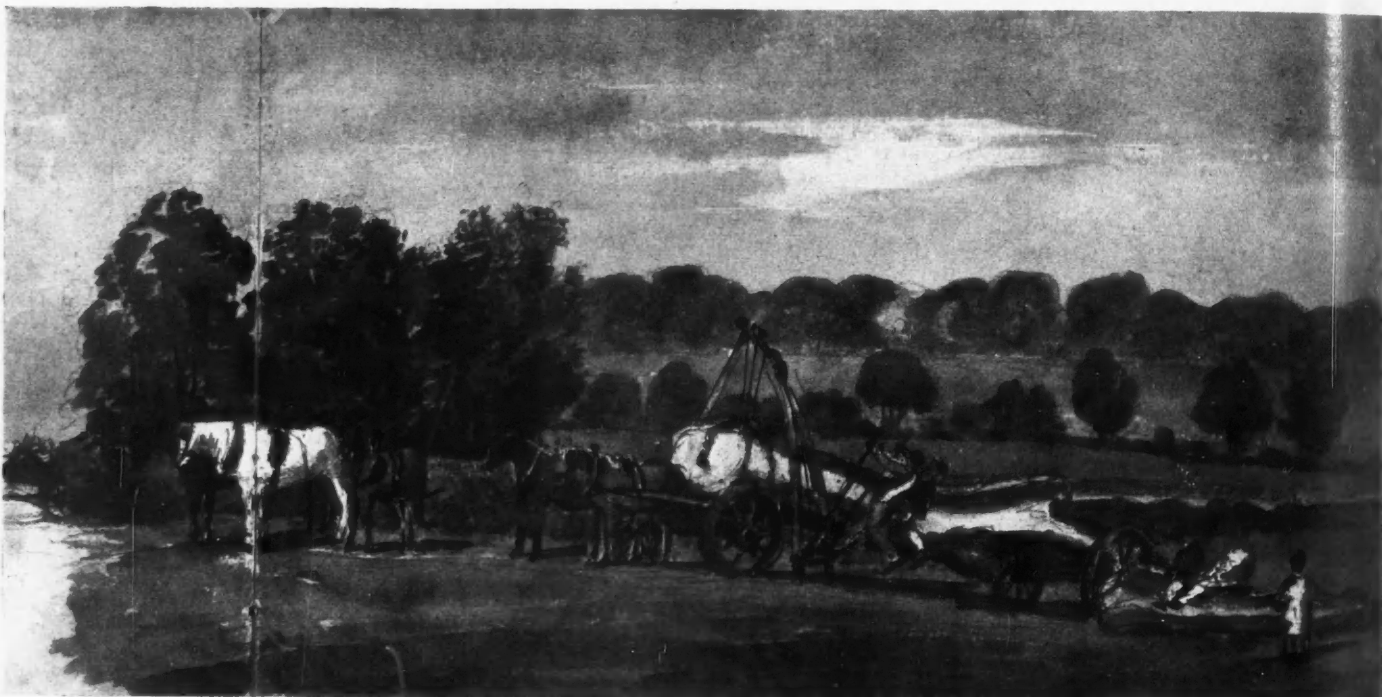
wooden vessel on the stocks, perhaps a trading brig. Christchurch itself, the long building seen across the water-meadows, was the subject of a water-colour; Sopley Church, on the Christchurch-Ringwood road, of another.

Burrard was at Sopley on June 23. By a curious coincidence a future son-in-law, who was then at Oxford, was long to hold the incumbency of this place, which Burrard was to know still better. At Muddiford, shortly after, he had one of his rare failures. He could not get the proper perspective in an otherwise pleasant water-colour of a round-fronted house in a garden (Fig. 3).

The sea, as usual, drew him much. There is a good though distant sketch of the "wooden walls" *Queen, Vengeance* and *St. Vincent*, probably at Spithead, and an ambitious water-colour of Seaview, Isle of Wight, which is as recognisable as are the



4.—THE NEWLY-MADE RAILWAY AT BROCKENHURST



6.—AMONG THE HAMPSHIRE UPLANDS: THESE SKETCHES ARE FROM AN ALBUM OF SIR CHARLES BURRARD NOW IN THE POSSESSION OF THE AUTHOR OF THIS ARTICLE

5.—MEN MOVING TIMBER

London drawings. Inland in Hampshire once more, with views of Minstead, in the picturesque manner fashionable a decade or so earlier, some studies of heath scenery, and drawings for the timber-moving picture which has already been referred to. Major C. S. Jarvis, who knows Burrard's country well, has kindly identified some of the scenes at Burley, while a water-colour "near the Butts" is of a place, familiar to archaeologists, on a road leading easterly from Ford-Ingbridge.

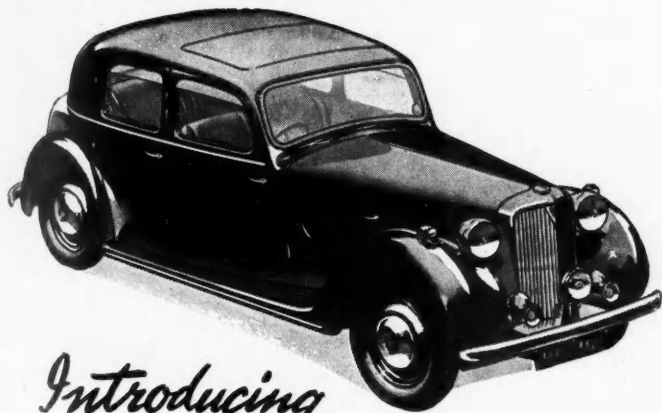
The little book concludes with some sketches of animals, calves and horses, showing Burrard's determination to succeed, by patient practice, in subjects in which he was not yet at home. He was a man of ingenuity and precision. *COUNTRY LIFE* allowed me to illustrate, in May, 1944, a clever device which he had made on ship-board, by which the manœuvring of ships at sea could be exactly planned.

Amid so much interest in his life, it must be recorded that the captain had one sorrow. He wanted a son; instead, he had six daughters, and his baronetcy became extinct with him.



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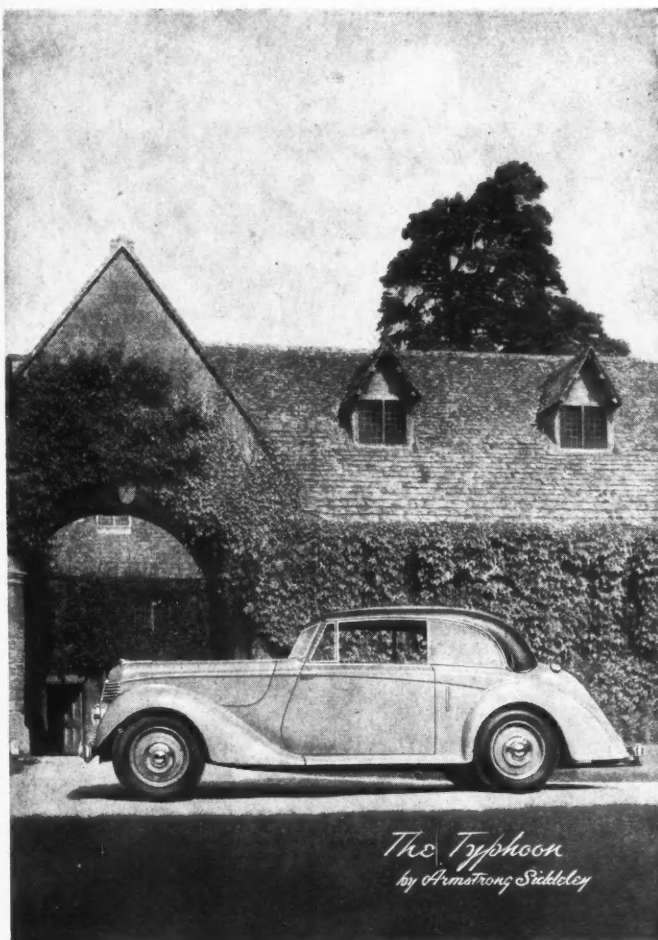
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NEW BOOKS

THE HITLER BOMB PLOT

Reviews by HOWARD SPRING

ULRICH VON HASSELL was for a time Hitler's Ambassador to Rome. He was removed from his post in 1937 because of his disagreement with German policy. He had never liked Hitler, or his associates, or his ambitions, and once he was free from his official connection with them he devoted almost all his time to working for their overthrow. He travelled about Europe as a lecturer in economics. Even during the war he was successful in using this "cover" to get himself into Switzerland and other countries for the purposes of his anti-Nazi work.

As this work developed in scope and intensity, the possibility that the assassination of Hitler might be necessary was frankly faced. At last it seemed the only practical way of doing what had to be done. Even before the war began there were generals willing to listen to what the

"When you have said A you say B." Gisevius explains more fully: "In a dictatorship even the so-called 'big shots' could be reduced overnight to insignificance. In the face of omnipotent terror, everything is fictional. That was why so many had listened to hide behind the saving mask—a title, a membership book in the Nazi Party, a uniform; that was why so few people dared to go along without such camouflage, even long after they had with horror recognised the true nature of the Nazi criminals—and of themselves. We must not make the error of thinking that all those who eat the bread of dictatorship are evil from the first; but they must necessarily become evil.... The curse of a system of terror is that there is no turning back."

From this he deduces a salutary lesson. "In this mass epoch it is by no means a settled thing that acts

THE VON HASSELL DIARIES, 1938-1944.

(Hamish Hamilton, 15s.)

TO THE BITTER END. By Hans Bernd Gisevius

(Cape, 18s.)

BATH. By Edith Sitwell

(Faber, 12s. 6d.)

THE LILY YEAR BOOK and THE DAFFODIL & TULIP YEAR BOOK.

Edited by P. M. Synge

(Royal Horticultural Society, 8s. 6d. each)

conspirators had to say. But the great military successes of Germany altered the position. This was not the atmosphere in which generals would move against their chief.

THE PLOT FAILS

However, as the fortunes of war fluctuated, the matter once or twice came nearly to the sticking-point, and in July of 1944, when all seemed lost, and indeed was lost, the attempt was made. Colonel Stauffenberg placed the bomb (in a dispatch case) near Hitler's chair. Hitler was injured, but not seriously, and the *putsch* that had been planned collapsed. Hassell was among those who were hanged.

One of his fellow-conspirators was Hans Bernd Gisevius. He, like Hassell, was a Nazi official. He was a Gestapo man. After the failure of the attempt, he managed to escape: one of the few. He was able to give evidence against the Nazis at Nuremberg.

It chances that books by these two men are now simultaneously published: *The von Hassell Diaries, 1938-1944* (Hamish Hamilton, 15s.), and Gisevius's *To the Bitter End* (Cape, 18s.). Hassell's diary, written under the noses of the Nazis and concealed day by day, is the more cryptic of the two. Gisevius covers more ground in more detail, and is notable for the full and dramatic account of the actors in the final attempt and of the tension on the day when everything was in the balance.

How did these men, and others like them, come, in any case, to take service with the Nazis? It is the old story of weaving one's own shroud thread by thread. As Hassell puts it,

alone make for guilt. Passive acceptance, intellectual subservience, or, in religious terms, failure to pray against the evil, may constitute a kind of silent support for authoritarian rule." To fight back, at once, he now sees is the only way.

WHAT WAS TO COME NEXT?

Both these books are of great historical importance. One thing that becomes clear is this: that even when it has been resolved to remove a tyrant there is not necessarily agreement about what is to go in his place. There was, in this case, a deep division between what one might call the legislature and the executive. Gisevius and Hassell and others believed that "a real overthrow of the Nazis was conceivable only if the entire civilian resistance front, from Right to Left, collaborated" and they chose the names for their shadow government on that basis. But the man who does the job usually expects some say, and that was the case here. Colonel Stauffenberg was to throw the bomb, and Colonel Stauffenberg "wanted to retain all the totalitarian, militaristic and socialistic elements of National Socialism." He wanted a Chancellor whom the others did not want. Gisevius wanted to see the Western powers in Berlin. Stauffenberg "was imagining a joint victorious march of the German and Red armies against the plutocracies."

And so, even if the whole matter had not ended in a tragic fiasco, it could well have ended in internecine troubles within Germany itself.

What, in fact, happened we know. The instrument was found—Stauffenberg.

berg. He was a tall, broad, vigorous young officer, wearing a black patch over one eye. "In the course of conversation he frequently lifted this patch to dab the eye with a wad of cotton." His right arm had been terribly wounded. Twice he took the bomb to Hitler's conference; twice his nerve failed him. And then, on July 20, 1944, he carried out his part of the bargain.

GOEBBELS CONSULTED

Unfortunately, others didn't. It had been arranged that once the bomb exploded the communications office at Hitler's headquarters should be blown up. This was not done, and so it was possible for Hitler and his staff to communicate with Berlin. At the Berlin end, the Putschists do not appear to have acted with much decision, but at least Major Roemer, in charge of a considerable body of troops, was on his way to arrest Goebbels. A million-to-one chance made young Major Roemer a man of destiny. He met a lieutenant who urged him to make sure, before acting, that Hitler indeed was dead. He consulted Goebbels! Goebbels got through to headquarters and silently handed the telephone to the major.

"Do you recognise me, Major Roemer? Do you recognise my voice?"

"Jawohl, mein Fuehrer."

And that was that.

Hitler, with what can only be called a flash of genius, at once gave this young soldier plenipotentiary powers. He was to save Berlin, safeguard the ministries. He was to turn back troops approaching the capital. Roemer, with an enthusiasm of devotion to his Fuehrer, did all these things. The Putsch ended. The tortures, hangings and suicides began.

If only for the vivid way in which he presents these agitations and indecisions, the hopes and fears and disasters of these last flickers of the will to rebel, Gisevius's book would be well worth while. But, beyond all this, it is, like Hassell's, a dreadful warning of the fatally easy step a nation may take from A to B.

THE BATH OF BEAU NASH

Bath, I cannot help feeling, is a rather over-written subject, but, if anyone could be expected to dish up the old ingredients with a new flavour, we might expect Miss Edith Sitwell so to do. And she does, in *Bath* (Faber and Faber, 12s. 6d.). The book was first published some years ago, and comes to us now with its bird-twittering brightness undiminished. It is largely about Beau Nash's Bath: about the Beau himself—"always a snob, but a kindly and innocent one"—about the balls and other entertainments, the gaming-tables, Ralph Allen and the famous people he gathered at Prior Park. It is a book full of sounds: the tap of feet on the dancing floors, the *frou frou* of gorgeous dress fabrics, the slap of cards on the table.

One tires a little of the frequency with which women are compared to birds; and there are some phrases more notable for brittle elegance than for accuracy. For example: "The feet of the chairmen falling on the pavements, dry with the summer heat, sounded like satyr hooves splashing through deep water." I should imagine that the feet of these poor old dears, trudging along with not inconsiderable burdens, sounded more like the hooves of cows shambling through a stack-yard.

Still, Miss Sitwell has a right to choose her own mood; and she has

chosen the mood of nostalgia, of listening for ghosts, of watching long-dead dust swirl for a moment and settle again. She carries it all off, as I say, with her customary brittle elegance. Rex Whistler's jacket design shows her floating on a cloud over Bath, surrounded by cherubs. One of them is being dispatched earthward with a laurel wreath for the city. Another, with an impertinence which I admire, is not taking it all too seriously, but is tickling Miss Sitwell under the right knee.

FLOWERS THE WORLD OVER

The Royal Horticultural Society's Year Books are excellent value at 8s. 6d. each. Here are *The Lily Year Book* and *The Daffodil and Tulip Year Book*. The books are made up of all sorts of fascinating odds and ends. There are bibliographies which permit anyone so disposed to go deeply into the matters concerned; there are reports of discussions by experts on their experiences in growing this and that; there are accounts of R.H.S. competitions; there are articles by such authorities as Dr. E. H. Krelage, who writes on the Flemish tulip.

The information is gathered from world-wide sources, and while on one page you may learn what can be done in an English cottage or suburban garden, on another you learn of breeding experiments in California, how lilies thrive in New Zealand, and what is being done in Florida or Greece.

And so there is something for everybody, whether his interest is restricted to what he can do in his home-patch, or whether it embraces all the possibilities of commercial experiment. The photographs are many and excellent.

MEN OF MARK

MR. OLIVER WARNER gives one a series of interesting sidelights on English history in *Captains and Kings* (Allen and Unwin, 7s. 6d.), a collection of short studies of men, and one woman, of note from Charles I to Edward VII. The Throne, the Navy and the Army are the source of most of his portraits: one sees Charles I during the hunted years before his death; Little General Monck, who served both Cromwell and Charles II, and of whom Hobbes wrote: "I think the bringing up of his little army entirely out of Scotland up to London was the best stratagem that is extant in history"; Kempenfelt, victor over de Guichen and the French off Ushant in 1781 and an advocate, almost, of combined operations; and Hicks Pasha, hero of the forlorn fighting of 1883 in the Sudan. Here, too, are Bridget Bendysh, granddaughter of Cromwell and in many ways his echo; Byron seen through the eyes of a midshipman who met him when serving in the Mediterranean and saw his first attempt to swim the Hellespont; and, a lighter touch, Edward VII being entertained to tea at a cottage outside which his motor-car had broken down. Action is the mark of most of these portraits, but Mr. Warner, who writes with ease and grace, has also an eye for a memorable saying, such as William IV's barrack-square command to mourners at his brother's funeral: "Generals, generals, keep step, keep step! Admirals, keep step!" J. K. A.

THE INNS OF ENGLAND

HERBERT Jenkins have re-issued, as one of their Country Book series, Mr. Thomas Burke's *The English Inn* (7s. 6d.), an illustrated account, in anecdotal form, of English inns, their history, architecture, legends and so on, and of the men and women who helped to make them an integral part of the English scene and story.



February

In the cold, sharp days of February as well as in the long days of summer the flow of exports goes on. Whether it is textiles from the North or screws from the Midlands exports from Britain are financed in large measure by credits opened through the Midland Bank. With over 16,000 agents operating in all parts of the world the Bank provides machinery for conducting business abroad and is prepared to offer friendly advice and guidance on all matters concerned with overseas trade. At the Overseas Branch, 122 Old Broad Street, London, and at provincial foreign branches in Birmingham, Bradford, Liverpool and Manchester, a complete service for international trade is available to traders and merchants all over the country.

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FARMING NOTES

NEW AGRICULTURAL COMMITTEES

TO take over the work of the W.A.E.Cs. the Minister has now appointed county agricultural executive committees under the Agriculture Act, 1947. They took office last week. For the most part the membership is much the same as before, with the addition of some Ministerial nominees as well as the three for each county appointed from the N.F.U. panel, two from the workers' side and two from the C.L.A. panel. In some counties it appears that the power of the Minister to make direct appointments without consulting any representative body has been used to keep a political balance. Farmers and landowners tend to be Tories; the workers' representatives are bound to be Socialists, their unions being affiliated to the T.U.C. There may be times when the practical members of county committees may be doubtful about the wisdom of some orders that come from Whitehall and, to ensure that they are accepted universally, the Minister will have to rely on his direct nominees. I have not yet seen a full list of all the appointments that have been made. Judging by the character of those farmers and landowners who have told me that they have accepted appointment, I feel that the Minister has gathered a good team on the practical side. It is practical work that these committees mainly have to do. It will sometimes take all the tact and sternness of a good chairman to steer discussions clear of politics if some of the Minister's direct nominees want to make their influence known.

Bold Plans

"BRITISH agriculture can and must think big and plan boldly." So said Mr. Tom Williams at Reading when he spoke to a meeting of farmers and farm-workers. This is good advice and timely when the spirit of adventure which drove production forward in the war years has largely departed from our industry. All of us at some time have experienced frustrations when we have planned boldly for increased production. Those who have poultry houses standing empty feel peeved because there are not enough feeding-stuffs to enable them to regain even the pre-war level of output, let alone hit the target of extra output which has been temptingly displayed for the last six months. There are others, I myself included, who are anxious to build a house for a farm-worker, but the housing priorities are not yet functioning smoothly. In some counties the regional officers of the Ministry of Health are holding up applications for licences to build farm-workers' houses although these have the support of the county committee as well as the rural district council. The council's backing is necessary to satisfy the Ministry of Health that the necessary accommodation cannot be found by the council from among its own houses. It seems a contradiction to talk about top priorities for farm-workers' houses when there is a stop of this kind imposed by the Minister. He keeps very quiet about the numbers of houses that are required for farm-workers. I have seen one of the county estimates put forward after survey. It would take twelve years at the present rate of house-building to meet these essential demands. It is, as Mr. Williams said, very easy for us faced with our own difficulties—shortage of feeding-stuffs and the problems of getting the machines and buildings that we want—to feel sometimes that the rest of the community is expecting us to take on more than our fair share in pulling the country through. We must appreciate that other vital industries are being asked

for the same supreme effort and are encountering similar difficulties in getting raw materials and tools.

Beef Sires

AT the Perth sales the Scotch Shorthorns and Aberdeen-Angus bulls brought prices that put heart again into those who have maintained a select head of these premier beef breeds. Auction prices at the Aberdeen-Angus sale touched 7,100 gns. for Emor of Derculich, a yearling bull from Mr. R. W. Honeyman's herd, and altogether 17 bulls sold for 1,000 gns. each and over. Several went to Argentina, and there were also buyers from the United States, Canada, New Zealand and Eire, but the fancied Emor is to stay in Scotland at the MacRobert Farms, Dounside. There were some cheaper bulls too; 152 sold at under 100 gns. each. They were bought mostly for crossing. The Aberdeen-Angus leaves its mark in cross-breeding and the fillip given to beef production by the higher killing prices now fixed and the calf-rearing subsidy promises a steady market for good bulls that do not reach the top rank. The Shorthorns, too, showed their mettle strongly at Perth. The Calrossie herd provided the most fancied bull, which was bought for the Argentine. A 3,000-gn. bull went to Canada and several others at high prices will also earn dollars now and later give us the benefit of some good beef from America, South and North. Happily some first-class bulls that made four-figure prices have been retained here. The average for the 306 Shorthorn bulls sold was £365.

Rye for Grain

IT is only for the poor, light soils that rye can be recommended as a grain crop. On soils carrying normal fertility, barley or wheat is undoubtedly a better crop to grow, but there are some sands and gravels where rye is the safest grain crop. Wireworms do not like rye, and this may be a consideration in some places. But I know from experience that rye grown after old turf is liable to lie flat at harvest time and hold up the binder. The same restrictions in selling apply to rye and wheat. All rye must be offered for sale except tailings and rye needed for seed by the grower, unless the rye has been certified as non-millable. The 1948 harvest price is to be 23s. a hundredweight and payment of £3 an acre will be made on the first 10 acres a farmer grows.

Seed Potatoes

A CIVIL reminder comes to me from an agricultural merchant that I should, to conform with the law, supply those who buy small lots of seed potatoes from me with a written statement containing particulars of my name and address and the classification of the potatoes. I must remember when I sell a few more bags to neighbours in the village that they are entitled, at least when they get my account, to know just what they are buying. There is nothing special about these potatoes. They are Majestic once grown from Scotch seed, and if I am to meet all the demands made on me some that I sell will have to be twice-grown from Scotch seed. I fancy that a considerable part of the potatoes which should have been used for seed, coming direct from Scotland or Ulster or once grown from such stocks, has been bought for human consumption. I see that one food committee in South London has recommended that seed potatoes should be marked with a dye, in much the same way as the pig potatoes we used to buy from the Ministry of Food in war-time, were dyed purple. CINCINNATUS.

THE ESTATE MARKET

DEVELOPING A
NEW TOWN

IN recent months there has been considerable discussion about the machinery for controlling the development of our new towns. The alternatives are State control by means of a development corporation under the New Towns Act, the local authority, private enterprise or—a view subscribed to by many competent authorities—a combination of two or all three of these mediums.

The Minister of Town and Country Planning has shown himself to be in favour of the development corporation and his decision to develop Welwyn Garden City and Hatfield by this means was not unexpected. In a memorandum supporting the draft orders designating the sites of these towns Mr. Silkin makes it clear that he considers it undesirable that a private company, however public-spirited, should, by virtue of its ownership of most of the land and buildings, be in a position to determine the character of a whole town and the living conditions of the majority of its inhabitants. Such power, he maintains, should be vested in a body representing the inhabitants. Moreover, if a town is to be largely in one ownership, it should be the ownership of the people of the town. This, says Mr. Silkin, will be the position if development is carried out under the New Towns Act, since the Act provides that, when the Minister is satisfied that the purposes for which a development corporation was established have been substantially achieved, he may, with the consent of the Treasury, provide for the transfer of the undertaking to the local authority within whose area the new town is situated.

In view of the developments at Welwyn and Hatfield, it is interesting to record that Sir Thomas Bennett, chairman of the Crawley-Three Bridges Development Corporation, in a recent address to the Royal Institute of Chartered Surveyors, expressed regret that he had not had the opportunity of comparing the various types of developing agency to see which could produce the best results in the most economical manner.

THE VALUE OF EXISTING
SERVICES

ANOTHER controversial point concerning development is whether it is better to build an entirely new town or to use an existing town as a basis. Sir Thomas's opinion was that the advantage lay with the extension of an existing community. For example at Crawley and Three Bridges where, over an area of 6,000 acres, the population was to be increased from 8,000 to 50,000, the existence of first-class railway facilities was an enormous advantage, the excellent road system made expansion relatively straightforward, and the existing sewers, water supply, gas and electricity supplies were invaluable. He agreed that a serious drawback was the interference caused to the interests of the existing population, but he thought that if the development of a new town was well carried out, the existing population would gain more than they had lost and that amenities would be preserved. The loss of farm land, he thought, would be far less than that caused by the uncontrolled and sprawling growth of the inter-war years.

LAND POLICY

SPEAKING of the land policy to be pursued by a planning authority, Sir Thomas pointed out that this entailed the acquisition of common land and woodland which were not remunerative; farm land, which produced a small revenue, and rent-

restricted properties. Shops, on the other hand, might be regarded as gilt-edged investments.

A great problem, he said, would be to decide upon the exact moment for the acquisition of individual properties. The public would, as a general rule, accept the acquisition of a property provided that it was required for a definite and visible purpose, but they would not take so kindly to acquisition for its own sake, and therefore it was of the utmost importance that acquisition should take place only near the time when full use could be made of the property. It was the policy of the Corporation to interfere as little as possible with private ownership where the latter was satisfactory.

£85,000 ASKED FOR
SUNNINGDALE PARK

THE executors to the will of the late Sir Hugo Cunliffe-Owen have instructed Messrs. Hillier, Parker, May and Rowden to sell Sunningdale Park, Ascot. The price asked is £85,000. The house, which is Georgian in style, stands in a well-timbered park of 113 acres and includes a fully equipped cinema. Other features of the estate are the up-to-date farm buildings and racehorse stables.

The same agents offer the Weir Bank Stud of 150 acres at Bray. The property includes a medium-sized house, two cottages and eight loose boxes. It was here that Felstead, Sir Hugo's Derby winner of 1928, and the famous mare, Rockfel, were foaled.

NEW HOME FOR N.S.C.

BRIDGEWATER HOUSE, St. James's, until recently the home of the Earl of Ellesmere and one of the largest private houses in London, is to be the headquarters of the National Sporting Club. An application to the Westminster City Council for permission to stage sporting events on the premises has been approved on condition that there is "no admission to the public and no nuisance is caused." Thus the famous Club, once the governing body of boxing, which went into voluntary liquidation in 1940, is to be revived. It will be remembered that Bridgewater House was sold by Lord Ellesmere some weeks ago for more than £250,000.

FARMS SOLD

THE demand for the medium-sized house with a reasonable amount of land is maintained, and an indication of the present-day market value of this type of property is given by two recent auction sales. At Oxford, earlier in the month, Longworth House and 72 acres near Faringdon, Berkshire, was sold by Messrs. James Styles and Whitlock, of Oxford, to Mr. F. G. Mortimer for £20,925, and on the same day, at Godalming, the Bramshott Vale Estate of 87 acres, near Liphook, Hampshire, which includes a Queen Anne house of moderate size, fetched £18,000 at the sale conducted by Messrs. H. B. Baverstock and Son on behalf of Mrs. Fox-Strangways, the vendor.

Among the private sales announced recently is that of Horns Lodge, Tonbridge, Kent, a dairy farm of 216 acres with a farm-house and three cottages. The farm buildings were erected about forty years ago at a cost of approximately £20,000. This property was sold by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, acting in conjunction with Mr. Walter Tibbit, of Tonbridge, and the former agents, together with Messrs. Watts and Son, have disposed of Billingbear Park, Wokingham, Berkshire, a Tudor-style house with 160 acres. PROCURATOR.

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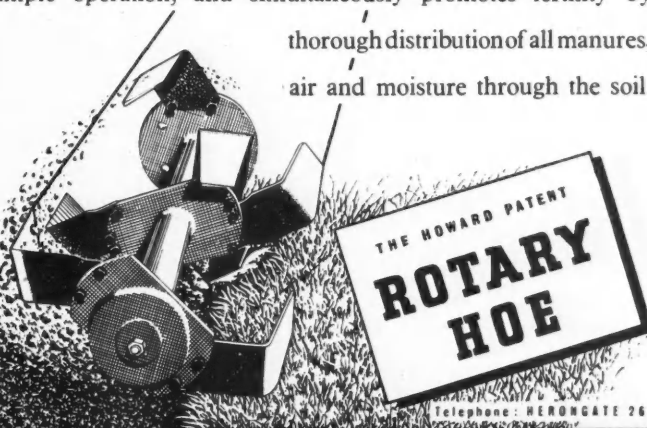
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Tartan dress in scarlet and black wool with a fringed hem and more dividing the straight sleeve from the full under-sleeve. Worn with a black boater. Molyneux

THE 1948 styles emerge from a welter of dress shows. The suit or dress with full, gored or pleated skirt ending about twelve inches from the ground and short fitted jacket or bodice is the leading fashion and appears in dozens of fabrics—wool, silk, rayon, cotton, linen and at every price from Utility to Mayfair. It is a pretty fashion prettiest of all on the petite woman with a slender waist. The dresses and suits with their high-necked, demure bodices are reminiscent of the Victorian pictures in the family album and many of the Victorian accessories have been revived for them—fringes and bangs topped by boaters or bonnets, choker necklaces, Puritan collars and neckbands, tuckers of lace and lockets hanging on a narrow band of velvet ribbon, ruffled petticoats, bootees that barely reach the anklebones, parasols.

For the woman who does not see herself as a neo-Victorian, another silhouette has been evolved, a line that is nipped at the waist, but with a slender pleated or a slightly gored skirt, a jacket that is considerably longer, fitted closely to the figure but given longer revers, sometimes a shawl or fichu collar. The two-tiered and pagoda silhouettes are also becoming to

Spring 1948



Slim suit in navy tweed with cut-away jacket under a full-backed white cloth coat with big sleeves set in with deep armholes. Norman Hartnell.
(Left) Back view of the coat



a taller woman, and we are likely to see any number of tunic frocks, also of short sac jackets and boleros with flared skirts.

The decorated hemline is a feature of the shows. Hemlines are braided, tucked, corded, piped with white piqué, or edged with a flat pleated ruffle, or show an inch or so of the flounced petticoat worn underneath.

Top coats hang full as a cape from the shoulders, or are fitted about the top and gored and pleated below the waist, or hang straight with only a gentle flare at the back. Colours for these are all the dove and greenish greys, white or oatmeal, golden and copper brown, camel colour, pale leaf greens, and the same coat is often shown over both a printed crêpe dress and a simple woollen morning dress or suit.

(Continued on page 448)



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Bianca Mosca has a charming pale green coat with a flared back over a print in yellows and browns in a design of tiny squirrels. Her collection is altogether charming, full of youthful gay clothes that are easy to wear. Hip padding and shoulder pads are discarded and her waist-line has the smallest look in London. She obtains this by exuberantly full skirts, elaborately pleated, gathered or gored to immense width at the hemline, compressed over the hips so that they are never clumsy. Her tailor-mades alone are slender, and even then the waist looks minute because the unpadded jacket is cut in curves below. No skirt is shown without its petticoat. A check jacket over a stone beige skirt is shown with a white embroidered muslin shirt, crisp and white as a paper doyley. An excellent gored black coat has its pockets set low and bordered with Victorian black bobble edging with more on the seams of the raglan sleeves.

PEAcock blue and ultramarine were featured for afternoon suits in brocaded silks. Navy and white pin-spot tie silk made an elegant summer tailor-made, navy faille another, where both the hem of the skirt and the bottom of the jacket were cut into petal scallops. A dance frock in mauve puckered nylon chiffon had the deep flounces on the ankle-length skirt piped with black velvet *bébé* ribbon with more on the square neckline. The circular skirts on the afternoon and dinner frocks in stiff silks were cut up in the front to a point about 10 ins. from the ground, a graceful line Madame Mosca calls "morning glory." Full-length evening dresses displayed the "fish" silhouette, nipped at the waist, wired to a lampshade peplum and then caught in again. A china blue grosgrain with a full skirt and white braid on sleeves and gilet looks as fresh as the morning. A slender white *moiré* has a folded loop set on one hip and is worn under a full-length brocade coat, stiff with silver, gold and oxidised silver threads.



Molyneux either finishes his blouses with a waist-band or uses the blouse material to make a band on the skirt. This gay plaid blouse and sailor are shown with a full, pleated grey flannel skirt and tailored jacket

Digby Morton shows "new look" suits that retain his own handwriting and manage to keep tailor-mades as opposed to "dressmaker" suits. Restrained versions of the parachute gored skirt and a slender pleated silhouette are featured and materials are smooth-surfaced and close in texture in neat stripes and checks in a subdued colour range that is mostly mixtures of black, beige, golden yellow, grey, navy in conjunction with white or oatmeal. A raglan coat in smooth pin-striped black and white cloth has its seams corded, which accents the rounded shoulder line and the curve of the raglan sleeves. This is a coat that can be worn belted or hanging loose and achieves the fashionable bulky look with a restraint that has great elegance. Suit jackets in this collection are shorter; contours are soft and the man-tailored square look is replaced by curves. Dresses and afternoon suits rustle over taffeta petticoats. A charming hyacinth blue and white printed summer *crêpe*, arranged in garlands of flowers, is full in the skirt with a tight bodice and elbow-length sleeves.

Charles Creed's tailor-mades were fitted, sleek, in dark colours or in striped woollens in graded tones of greys and browns. Jackets were shorter than elsewhere, and the tight skirts varied from 12 to 14 inches from the ground. Grey whipcord made a sleek suit piped with yellow, ruby red satin a high-necked long-sleeved shirt under a powder blue velours long coat and skirt that had a flash or the red introduced in the deep pleat.

Flat oval sailors, cut away at the top of the crown to show the hair and tied on with veiling under the chin, were shown with both the full gored and the tight-skirted suits; so were boaters of every kind. With prints, large flat white and black straws worn dead straight were smart. Close-fitting small hats appeared with the numerous Ascot and garden party suits in dark rich silks with wide hemlines.

P. JOYCE REYNOLDS.



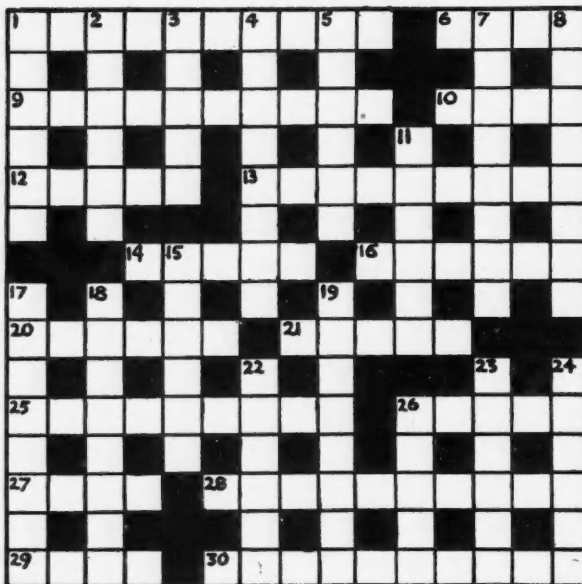
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NOTE.—This Competition does not apply to the United States.



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Address

SOLUTION TO NO. 941. The winner of this Crossword, the clues of which appeared in the issue of February 20, will be announced next week.

ACROSS.—1, Window cleaners; 8, Ashlar; 9, Ratafia; 12, Isle; 13, Broomstick; 15, Largo; 16, Crichton; 17, Dud; 18, For speed; 20, A heap; 23, Embroidery; 24, Zulu; 26, Lattice; 27, Sordid; 28, House of Commons.
DOWN.—2, Insular; 3, Dull; 4, War-cry; 5, Larboard; 6, Antisocial; 7, Sparking plug; 10, Faint; 11, Bill of health; 14, Compromise; 16, Cud; 17, Dead leaf; 19, Rebut; 21, Elusion; 22, Fresco; 25, Tram.

ACROSS

1. A burnt ship (anagr.) (10)
6. Its size may be a life or death question to fish (4)
9. Otherwise a queer tip is (10)
—Wordsworth (4)
10. "Mighty Prophet! — blest!"
12. Get money by precise means (5)
13. Not the kind of person who jumps to it (9)
- 14 and 16. After taking a header they usually need a stretcher (11)
- 20 and 21. Abandoned railway section (6, 5)
25. "Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?"
"Thou art more lovely and more —"
—Shakespeare (9)

DOWN

26. Twilight shade (5)
27. Indeed they are performed and not necessarily on the stage (4)
28. Famous but unpaved thoroughfare (5, 5)
29. Withered form of 10 across (4)
30. d. (10)
1. Stimulation through spice (6)
2. Highway raid? (6)
3. On it the creditor takes a risk (5)
4. So to hamper him would be severe on the sapper (8)
5. Suitable piece of furniture for the emigrant to take (6)
7. "A presence that disturbs me with the joy
"Of — thoughts." — Wordsworth (8)
8. Stone-breaking, for instance (4, 4)
11. Abolishes by bits (6)
15. Park-keeper (6)
17. You can put, say, trash in them (8)
18. It can leave a scar with or without its centre (8)
19. The Republican Sidney (8)
22. A playwright whose name was almost an obstacle (6)
23. The most celebrated one used a 1 across, not a lathe (6)
24. Money gained from the law (6)
26. Bird that might have acquired a Portuguese accent (5)

The winner of Crossword No. 940 is

The Hon. Lady Waller,
Marhamchurch,
near Bude,
Cornwall

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